

Pierce through the skin and the sheet of gold,
And glat your longings with a heauen of ioy.
So raigue my sonne, scourge and controlle those slaues
Guiding thy chariot with thy Fathers hand.
As precious is the charge thou undertak'st
As that which Clymeus brain-sicke sonne did guide;
When wandring Phœbes Iuoy cheeks were scorcht
And all the earth like A Etna breathing fire:
Be warn'd by him, then learne with awfull eie
To sway a throane as dangerous as his:
For if thy body thine not full of thoughtes
As pure and fiery as Phytus beames,
The nature of these proud rebelling Iades
Will take occasion by the slenderest haire,
And draw thee peece-meale like Hyppolitus,
Through rocks more steepe and sharp than Caspian
The nature of thy chariot wil not beare (clister,
A guide of baser temper than my selfe,
More then heauens coach, the pride of Phaeton.
Farewell my boies, my dearest friends, farewell,
My body feeles, my soule dooth weepe to see
Your sweet desires depriu'd my company,
For Tamburlaine, the Scourge of God must die.

Amy. Meet heauen & earth, & here let al things end
For earth hath spent the pride of all her fruit,
And heauen consum'd his choicest liuing fire.
Let earth and heauen his timelesse death deplore,
For both their woorths wil equall him no more.

FINIS.

Tamburlaine

the Great.

Who, from the state of

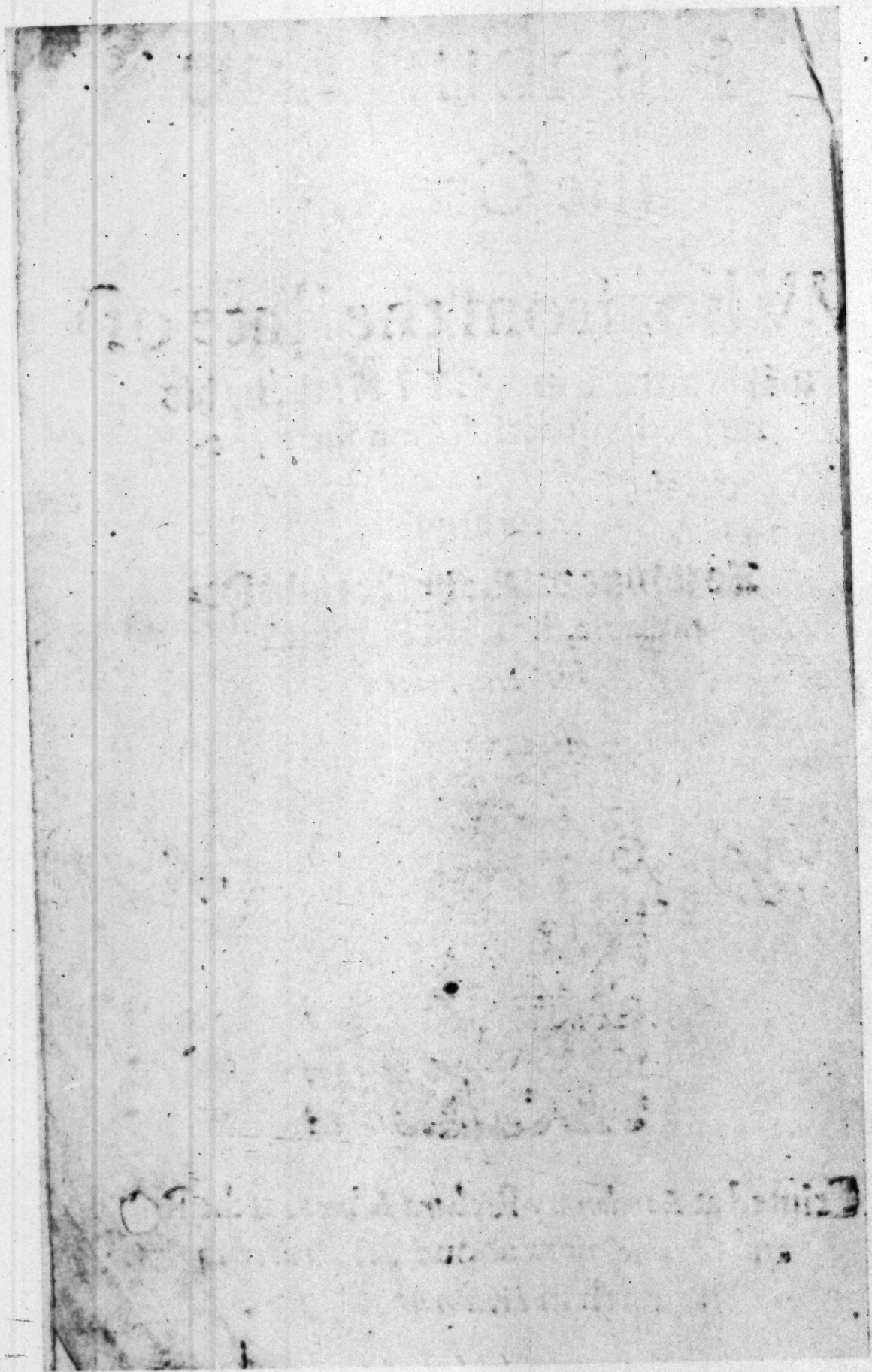
a Shepheard in SCYTHIA, by his
rare and wonderfull Conquests, be-

came a most puissant and mighty
Monarque :

As it was acted : by the right Ho-
norable, the Lord Admyrall
his Seruantes .



Printed at London by Richard Iohnes : at the Rose
and Crowne, next aboue St. Andrewes
Church in Holborne. 1597.





To the Gentlemen Readers and others, that take pleasure in reading Histories.

Gentlemen, and curteous Readers who-
euer: I haue here published in print for your
sakes, the two tragical Discourses of the Scy-
thian Shepheard, **Tamburlaine**, that became so
great a Conquerour, and so mightie a Monarque:
My hope is, that they wil be now no lesse accepta-
ble vnto you to read after your serious affaires &
Studies, then they haue been (lately) delightfull for
many of you to see, when the same were shewed in
London vpon stages: I haue (purposely) omitted
and left out som fond and friuolous Iestures, digres-
sing (and in my poore opinion) far vnmeet for the
matter, which I thought, might seeme more tedi-
ous vnto the wise, than any way els to be regarded,
though (happly) they haue been of some vaine con-
ceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what times they
were shewed vpon the stage in their graced defor-
mities: neuertheles now, to be mingled in print
with such matter of worth, it would prooue a gre-
disg

To the Reader.

disgrace to so honorable and stately a history : Great
folly were it in me, to cōmend vnto your wisdomes,
either the eloquence of the Authour that writ the,
or the worthinesse of the matter it selfe; I therefore
leauē vnto your learned censures, both the one and
the other, and my selfe the poore printer of them
vnto your most curteous and fauourable protecti-
ons; which if you vouchsafe to doo, you shal euer-
more binde mee to imploy what trauell and seruice
I can to the aduancing and pleasuring of your ex-
cellent degree.

Yours, most humble at com-
maundement,

R. I. Princes

The tragicall Conquest

of Tamburlaine, the Scythian Shepherd. &c.

The Prologue.

FROM iygging vaines ottriming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
Weele lead you to the stately tent of War:
Where you shall heare the Scythian *Tamburlaine*
Threatning the world with high astounding terms,
And scourging kingdōs with his cōquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragick glasse,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please,

Actus, 1. Scena, 1.

*Mycetes, Cosroe, Meander, Theridamas, Ortygius,
Ceneus, with othes.*

Mycetes.

BROTHER Cosroe, I find my selfe agreend,
Yet insufficient to expresse the same:
For it requires a great and thundring speech:
Good brother tell the cause vnto my Lords,
I know you haue a better wit than I.

Cos. Unhappie Persia, that in former age,
Hast ben the seat of mightie Conquerors,
That in their prowesse and their pollicies,
Haue triumphed ouer Affrica, and the bounds
Of Europe, wher the Sun dares scarce appeare,
For freezing meteors and coniealed colde:
Now to be rulse and gouerned by a man,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

At whose birth day Cynthia with Saturne ioinde,
And Ioue, the Sun and Mercurie denide
To shed his influence in his sickle bzaine,
Now Turkes and Tartars shake their swords at thee
Meaning to mangle all thy Prouinces,

Mycet. Brother, I see your meaning well enough.
And though your Planets I perceiue you thinke,
I am not wise enough to be a kinge,
But I refer me to my noble men,
That knowe my wit, and can be witnesse:
I might commaund you to be slaine for this,
Meander, might I not?

Meand. Not for so small a fault my soueraigne Lord

Mycet. I meane it not, but yet I know I might,
Yet liue, yea, liue, Myceres wills it so:
Meander, thou my faithfull Counsellor,
Declare the cause of my conceiued grieve,
Which is (God knowes) about that Tamburlaine.
That like a Foxe in midst of haruest time,
Dooth pray vppon my flockes of Passengers.
And as I heare, doth meane to pull my plumes,
Therefore tis good and meete for to be wise.

Meand. Oft haue I heard your Maiestie complaine
Of Tamburlaine, that sturdie Scythian chiefe,
That robs your merchants of Persepolis,
Treading by land vnto the Westerne Isles,
And in your confines with his lawlesse traine,
Daily commits vniuall outrages.
Hoping (mistled by dreiming prophesies)
To raigne in Asia, and with barbarous Armes,

the Scythian Shepheard.

To make himselfe the Monarch of the East:
But ere he march in Asia, or display
His vagrant Ensigne in the Persian fields,
Your Grace hath taken order by Theridamas,
Charg'd with a thousand horse, to apprehend
And bring him Captiue to your Highnesse throne,

Myce. Ful true thou speakest, & like thy selfe my lord
Whom I may tearme a Damon for thy loue.
Therefore tis best, if so it like you all,
To send my thousand horse incontinent,
To apprehend that paltrie Scythian.
How ~~will~~ like you this, my honorable Lords:
Is it not a kingly resolution?

Cosr. It cannot choose, because it comes from you.

Myce. Then heare thy charge, valiant Theridamas
The chiefest Captaine of Myceres hoste,
The hope of Persia, and the verie legges
Whereon our state doeth leane, as on a staffe,
That holds vs vp, and sailes our neighbour foes.
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
Whose foming galle with rage and high disvaïne,
Haue sworne the death of wicked Tamburlaine.
So frowning forth, but come thou smiling home,
As did Sir Paris with the Grecian Dame,
Returne with speed, time passeth swift away,
Our life is fraile, and we may die to day.

Ther. Before the Moone renew her borrowed light,
Doubt not my Lord and gracious Soueraigne,
But Tamburlaine, and that Tartarian rout,
Shall either perish by our warlike hands,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

O! plead for mercie at your highnesse feet.

Myc. Go, stout Theridimas, thy words are swords
And with thy looks thou conquerest all thy foes:
I long to see thee backe returne from thence,
That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine.
All laden with the heads of killed men.

And from their knees, even to their hooves below,
Besmer'd with blood, that makes a vainety show.

The. Then now my Lord, I humbly take my leave.

Myc. Therid. farewell ten thousand times. (Exit.

Ab. Menaphon, why staie'st thou thus behind,
When other men please forward for renowne?
Go Menaphon, go into Scythia,
And foot by foot follow Theridamas:

Cos. Nay, pray let him stay: a greater
Fits Menaphon, than warring with a Chiefe:
Create him Porer of Affrica,
That he may win the Babylonians hearts,
Which will revolt from Persian government,
Unlesse they haue a wiser king than you.

Myc. Unlesse they haue a wiser king then you:
These are his words, Meander set them downe.

Cos. And ad this to them, that all Asia
Lament to see the follie of their King.

Myc. Well here I sweare by this my royall seat.

Cos. You may doe well to kisse it then.

Myc. Embest with like as best be seemes my state.
To be reueng'd for these contemptuous words.
O where is dutie and allegiance now?
Fled to the Caspean or the Ocean maine?

What.

the Scythian Shepherd.

What, shall I call thee brother? No, a foe,
Monster of Nature, come unto thy stocke,
That dar'st presume thy Soueraigne for to mocke.
Meander come, I am abus'd Meander. Exit.

Manent Cosroe & Menaphon.

Mena. How now my Lord, what, mated and amaz'd
To heare the king thus threaten like himselfe?

Cos. Al Menaphon, I passe not for his threate
The plot is laid by Persean Noble men,
And Captaines of the Medean garrisons,
To Crowne me Emperour of Asia,
But this it is that doth excruciate
The verie substance of my beere'd soule:
To see our neighbours that were wont to quake
And tremble at the Persean Monarches name,
Now sit and laugh our regiment to scorn,
And that which might dissolve me into teares:
Men from the farthest Equinoctiall line,
Have swarm'd in troopes into the Easterne India:
Lading their shippes with golde and pretious stones:
And made their spoiles from all our prouinces.

Mena. This should intreat your highnesse to reioice
Since Fortune giues you opportunity,
To gaine the title of a Conquerour,
By curing of this maimed Emperie,
Affricke and Europe bordering on your land,
And continent to your Dominions:
How easely may you with a mightie hoste,
Haste into Græcia, as did Cyrus once.
And cause them to wish you their soveraigne home,

Lea

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Will you subdue the pride of Christendom. (Tomus)

Cos. But Menaph, what means this trumpets
Mena. Behold, my Lord Ortigius, and the rest,
ringing the Crowne to make you Emperour.

Enter Ortigius & Conerus bearing a Crowne
with others.

Ort. Magnificent and mightie Prince Cosroe,
In the name of other Persean States,
and commons of this mightie Monarchie,
present thee with th'Emperiall Diadem.

Cone. The warlike Souldiers, & the Gentlemen,
that heretofore haue fill'd Persepolis
With Affricke Captaines, taken in the field:
Whose rancome made them march in coates of gold,
With costlie iewels hanging at their eares,
and shining stones upon their loslie Crestes,
Now liuing idle in the walled townes,
Wanting both pay and martiall discipline,
Begin in troopes to threaten ciuill warre,
and openly exclaime against the King.
Therefore to stay all sodaine mutinies,
We will inuest your Highnesse Emperour:
Whereat the Souldiers will conceiue more ioy,
Then did the Macedonians at the spoile
Of great Darius and his wealthy host.

Cosro. Well, since I see the state of Persea vnsound,
and languish in my brothers government:
I willingly receiue th'Emperiall crowne,
and how to weare it for my countries good:
In spight of them shall malice my estate.

Ortyg.

the Scythian Shepheard,

Ortig. And in assurance of desir'd successe,
We here doo crowne thee Monarch of the East,
Emperour of Asia, and of Persia,
Great Lord of Medea and Armenia,
Duke of Affrica and Albania,
Mesopotamia and of Parthia,
East India and the late discovered Isles,
Cheefe Lord of all the wide vast Euxine sea,
And of the euer raging Caspian Lake:

All. Long live Colroe mighty Emperour.

Colr. And loue may neuer let me longer live,
Then I may seeke to gratifie your loue,
And cause the souldiers that thus honour mee,
To triumph ouer many Prouinces,
By whose desires of discipline in Armes,
I doubt not shortly but to raigne sole king,
And with the Armie of Theridamas,
Whether we presently will flie (my Lords)
To rest secure against my brothers force. (crown)

Ortig. We knew my Lord, before we brought the
Intending your inuestion so neere,
The residence of your dispised brother,
The Lords would not be too exasperate
To iniurie or suppress your worthy title.
Or if they would, there are in readines
Ten thousand horse to carrie you from hence,
In spite of all suspected enemies.

Colr. I know it wel my Lord, & thanke you all.

Ortig. Sound vp the trumpets then,

All. God saue the King. Exeunt.

Actus

The Conquest of Tamburlaine.

Actus, 1. Scena, 2.

Tamburlaine leading Zenocrate : Techelles, Vsum-
casane, other Lords and Souldiers laden
with treasure,

Tam. **C**ome lady, let not this appale your thoughts
The iewels and the treasure we haue tane
Shall be reseru'd, and you in better state,

Than if you were arriu'd in Siria.

Even in the circle of your Fathers armes :

The mightie Souldan of Egyptia.

Zeno. Ah Shepheard, pity my distressed plight,

'Tis as thou seem'st, thou art so meane a man)

And seeke not to enrich thy followers,

By lawlesse rapine from a lilly maide.

Who traueilling with these Medean Lords

To Memphis, from my vnckles country of Meda.

Where all my youth I haue been gouerned,

haue past the armie of the mightie Turke:

Bearing his priuie signet and his hand:

To safe conduct vs throug Affrica:

Mag. And since we haue arriu'd in Scythia,

Besides rich presents from the puissant Cham,

We haue his highnesse letters to command

liue and assistance if we stand in need.

Tam. But now you see these letters & commaunds,

Is countermaunded by a greater man:

And though my prouinces you must expect

Letters of conduct from my mightinesse,

the Scythian Shepheard.

If you intend to keep your treasure safed
But since I loue to liue at libertie,
As easely may you get the Souldans crowne,
As any prizes out of my precinct.

For they are friends that help to weane my state,
Till men and kingdomes help to strengthen it :
And must maintaine my life exempt from seruitude.
But tell me Madam, is your grace betroth'd?

Zen. I am (my Lord,) for so you do impose.

Cam. I am a Lord, for so my deeds shall proue,
And yet a shepherd by my Parentage :

But Lady, this faire face and heavenly be tow,
Must grace his bed that conquers Asia :
And meanes to be a terrour to the world,
Measuring the limits of his Emperie.

By East and west, as Phæbus doth his course :

Lie here ye weedes that I disdain to weare,

This compleat armor, and this curtle-axe,

Are adiuncts more bebecoming Camburlaine.

And Madam, whatsoever you esteeme

Of this successe, and losse vnballued,

Both may inuest you Emperesse of the East:

And these that seeme but silly country Swaines,

May haue the leading of so great an host,

As with their waight shall make the mountains quak

Even as when winny exhalations,

Fighting for passage, till within the earth.

Eec. As princely Lions when they rouse themselues
Stretching their pawes, and threating herdes of
(Beastes.

the Scythian Shepheard.

So in his Armour looketh Tamburlaine:
He thinks I see kings kneeling at his feet,
And he with frowning browes and fierp lookes,
Spurning their crownes from of their captiue heads.

Vsum. And making thee and me Techelles, kinges,
That euen to death will follow Tamburlaine.

Tam. Nobly resolu'd, sweet friends and followers,
These Lords (perhaps) do scozne our estimates:
And thinke we prattle with distempere'd spirits,
But since they measure our deserts so meane,
That in conceit beare Empires on our speares,
Iffecting thoughts coequall with the cloudes,
They shall be kept our forced followers,
Till with their eies they view vs Emperours.

Zen. The Gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will neuer prosper your intended exploits,
That thus oppress poore friendles passengers.
Therefore, at least admit vs libertie,
Euen as thou hop'st to be eternized,
By liuing Asias mightie Emperour.

Agid. I hope our Ladies treasure and our owne,
May serue for ransome to our liberties:
Returne our Hules and emptie Camels backe,
That we may traueile into Siria,
Where her betrothed Lord Alcidasus,
Expects th'arriuall of her highnesse person.

Mag. And wheresoeuer we repose our selues,
We will report but well of Tamburlaine.

Tamb. Disdaines Zenocrate to liue with me?
Do you my Lordes to be my followers?

Thinke

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Thinke you I way this treasure more than you?
Not all the Gold in Indias welthy armes,
Shall buy the meanest souldier in my traine,
Zenocrate, lowelier than the Loue of Ioue,
Brighter than is the siluer Rhodolfe,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills,
Thy person is more woorth to Tamburlaine,
Than the possession of the Persean Crowne,
Which gracious Karres haue promist at my birth,
A hundred Carrs shall attend on thee,
Mounted on Steeds swifter than Pegalus.
Thy Garments shall be made of Persian silke,
Enchast with precious iuelles of mine owne:
More rich and valurous than Zenocrates.
With milke-white Parres vpon an Iuorie Sled,
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen Poles,
And scale the ylle mountaines lofty tops:
Which with thy beautie will be soone resolu'd.
My martiall prizes with fure hundred men,
Run on the fittie headed Vuolgas waues.
Shall all we offer to Zenocrate,
And then my selfe to faire Zenocrate,

Tech. What now? In loue?

Tam. Techelle, women must be flattered:
But this is she with whom I am in loue.

Enter a Souldier.

Sould. Newes, newes.

Tam. How now, what's the matter?

Sould. A thousand Persian boismen are at hand,
Sent from the King to overcome vs all,

Tam

the Scythian Shepherd.

Cam. Now now my Lords of Egypt & Zenocrate:
Oh must your jewels be restor'd againe:
Is that triumph so be overcome,
I say you Lordings, Is not this your hope?

Agid. We hope your selfe wil willingly restore them.

Cam. Such hope, such fortune have the thousand
of ye my Lords and sweet Zenocrate. (horse.
You must be forced from me ere you goe
thousand horsemen: We five hundred foote:
Is odds too great, for us to stand against:
But are they rich? And is their armour good?

Sould. Their plumed helmes are wrought with
(beaten golde.

Their swords enameld, and about their neckes
hangs massie chaines of golde downe to the waste,
Every part exceeding brave and rich.

Cam. Then shall wee fight courageously with them,
I looke you, I should play the Drago?

Tech. No: cowards and fainthearted runawaies,
Doke for orations when the foe is nere.
Our swords shall play the Drago for us.

Vsun. Come let us meet them at the mountain foot,
And with a sobaine and an hot alarme
Drive all their horses headlong downe the hill.

Tech. Come let us march.

Cam. Stay Techelles, aske a parlee first,

The Souldiers enter.

Open the Pales, yet guard the treasure sure,
Lay out our golden wenges to the view,
That their reflexions may amaze the Persians.

And

the Scythian Shepherd.

And looke we friendly on them when they comes
But if they offer word or violence,
Weele fight five hundred men 'at armes to one,
Before we part with our possession.

And gainst the Generall we will lift our swords,
And either lanch his greedy chirling throat,
Or take him prisoner, and his chaine shall serue
For Manacles, till he be ransom'd home.

Tech. I heare them come, shall we encounter them?

Cam. Keep all your standings, and not stir a foote,
My selfe will bide the danger of the hunt.

Enter Theridamas with others.

Ther. Where is this Scythian Tamburlaine?

Cam. Who seekst thou Persean? I am Tamburlaine.

Ther. Tamburlaine? A Scythian Shepheard,
(so imbellish'd

With Natures pride, and richest furniture?

His lookes do menace heauen and dare the Gods,
His fierie eyes are fixt vpon the earth.

As if he now deuil'd some Stratageme:

Or meant to pierce Auernas darksome haules.

To pull the triple headed dog from hell.

cam. Noble and milde this Persean seemes to be,
If outward habit iudge the inward man,

tech. His deep affections make him passionate.

tamb. With what a maiesty he reates his looks
In thee (thou valiant man of Persea)
I see the folly of the Emperour:

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Art thou but Captaine of a thousand horse,
That by Characters grauen in thy browes,
And by thy martiall face and stout aspect,
Deseru'st to haue the leading of an hoste:
Forlake thy king, and doe but toyne with me,
And we will triumph ouer all the world:
I hold the Fates bound fast in yron chaines,
And with my hand turne Fortunes wheele about,
And sooner shall the Sun fall from his Sphære,
Then Tamburlaine be slaine or ouercom.
Draw forth thy sword thou mightie man at armes,
Intending but to rase my charmed skin,
And Ioue himselfe will stretch his hand from heauen,
To warde the blow, and shield me safe from harme:
See how he raynes downe heaps of gold in showers,
As if he meant to giue my Souldiours pay,
And as a sure and grounded argument,
That I shall be the Monark of the East,
He sends this Souldiours daughter rich and braue,
To be my Queen and partly Emperesse,
If thou wilt stay with me, renowned man,
And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct,
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize,
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martiall spoyle
Of conquered kingdoms, and of citties sackt,
Both we will walke vpon the lofty cliffes,
And Christian Merchants that with Russian stemp
Plow vp huge furrowes in the Caspian sea,
Shal paye to vs, as Lordes of all the lake:
Both we will raigne as Consuls of the earth,

And

the Scythian Shepherd.

And mightie kings shall be our Senators,
Ioue sometime masked in a shepheards weed,
And by those steps that he hath scal'd the heauens
May we become immortall like the Gods.
Joyre with me now in this my meane estate,
(I call it meane, because being yet obscure,
The Nations far remoou'd admire me not)
And when my name and honoꝝ shall be spread,
As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings,
O faire Bo-ores sende his cheerfull light,
Then shalt thou be competitor with me,
And sit with Tamburlaine in all his maiestie.
ther. Not Hermes prolocutor to the Gods
Could vse perswasions moze pathetical.

Cam. No: are Apollos Oracles moze true
Then thou shalt find my vannts substantiall.

rech. We are his friends, and if the Persian king
Should offer present Dukedomes to our state,
We think it losse to make exchange for that
We are assured of by our friends successe.

Vsum. And kingdomes at the least we all expect,
Besides the honoꝝ in assured conquestes:
Where kings shall crouch vnto our conquering swordes
And hostes of Souldiours stand amaz'd at vs,
When with their fearfull tongues they shall confesse,
These are the men that all the world admires, (scul
ther. What strong enchantments tice my peelding
Are these resolu'd noble Scythians:

But shall I prooue a Traytoꝝ to my king?

Cam. No, but the trispy friend of Tamburlaine:

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Ther. Won with thy words, & conquered with looks,
peeld my selfe, my men and hoyle to thee:
to be partaker of thy good or ill,
as long as life maintaines Theridamas.

Tam. Theridamas my friend take here my hand,
Which is as much as if I swore by heauen,
and call'd the Gods to witnesse of my vow,
Thus shall my heart be still combine with thine,
till our bodies turne to Elements:
And both our soules aspire celestiall thrones.
Techelles, and Casane, welcome him.

tech. Welcome renowned Perseus to vs all.

Cas. Long may theridamas remaine with vs.

tamb. These are my friends in who I more reioice,
Than doeth the King of Persea in his Crowne:
And by the loue of Pyllades and Orestes,
Whose statues we adore in Scythia,
Thy selfe and them shall neuer part from me,
Before I crowne you kings in Asia.
Make much of them gentle Theridamas,
And they will neuer leane thee till the death.

ther. Nor thee, nor them, thy noble tamburlaine
Shall want my heart to be with gladnes perc'd
To do you honoz and securitie.

tamb. A thousand thanks worthy theridamas:
And now faire Adam, and my noble Lords,
If you willingly remaine with me,
You shall haue honozs, as your merits be:
Or els you shall be forc'd with slauerie.

Agid, We peeld vnto thee happie tamburlaine.

tamb

the Scythian Shepheard.

Lamb. For you then Daddam, I am out of doubt,
Zeno. I must be please perforce, wretched
(Zenocrate. Exe

Actus. 2. Scena. 1.

Cosroe, Menaphon, Ortygius, Ceneus, with
other Souldiers.

Cosroe.

Thus farre are we towards Theridamas,
And valiant Tamburlaine, that man of fame,
The man that in the forehead of his fortune,
Beares figures of renowne and miracle:
But tell me, that hast seene him, menaphon,
What stature weilds he, and what personage?
Mena. Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,
Like his desire, lift upwards and diuine,
So large of limmes, his ioints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly beare,
Olde Atlas burthen, twixt his manly pitch,
A pearle more worth, then all the world is platt:
Wherein by curious soueraintie of Art,
Are fixt his percing instruments of sight:
Whose fiery cyrcles beare encompassed
A heauen of heuently bodies in their Spheres:
That guides his steps and actions to the throne.
Where honozies inuested royally:
Pale of complexion: wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with soueraincy and loue of armes,

B3

His

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

8
As loscie browes in foldes, doe figure death;
In their smoothnes, amitie and lyfe:
Out them hangs a knot of Amber haire,
Trapped in curles as fierce Achilles was,
In which the breath of heauen delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton maiestie:
His armes and fingers long and snowy,
Betokening valour and excesse of strength,
In euery part proportioned like the man
Should make the world subdude to Tamburlaine.

Cost. Well hast thou pourtraid in thy tearms of life
The face and personage of a wondrous man:
Nature both stryue with Fortune and his stars,
To make him famous in accomplisht worth,
And well his merits shew him to be made
His Fortunes maister, and the king of men,
That could perswade at such a sudden pinch,
With reasons of his valour and his life
Thousand sworne and ouermatching foes:
When when our powers in poynts of swordes are ioyn'd,
And close in compasse of the killing bullet,
Though straight the passage and the port be made
That leads to pallace of my brothers lyfe,
Yond is his fortune if we pierce it not:
And when the princely Persian Diadem
Shall ouerway his weary wittlese head,
And fall like mellowed fruit, with shakes of death,
In faire Persia noble Tamburlaine
Shall be my Regent, and remaine as king.

Orig. In happy hower we haue set the Crowne

Upon

the Scythian Shepheard.

Upon your kingly head, that seeks our honoz,
In ioyning with the man, ordain'd by heauen
To further euery action to the best.

Cent. He that with shepheards and a little spoyle
Durst in disdain of wrong and tyranny,
Defend his freedom gainst a Monarchie,
What will he doe supported by a King,
Leading a troope of Gentlemen and Lords,
And stufte with treasure for his highest thoughts.

Col. And such shall wait on worthy Tamburlaine:
Our Armie will be fourty thousand strong,
When Tamburlaine and braue Theridimas
Haue met vs by the river Araris:
And all consp'n'd to meet the witlesse king,
That now is marching neer to Parthia;
And with unwilling Souldiers faintly arm'd,
To seek reuenge on me and Tamburlaine,
To whom sweet Menaphon, direct me straight.
Menaph. I will my Lord, **Exeunt**

Actus 3 Scena 2.

**Mycetes, Meander, with other Lordes
and Souldiours.**

Mycetes.

Come my Meander, let vs to this geere,
I tel you true my heart is swolne with wrath,
On this same theeuish villaine 'tamburlaine,
And of that false Cosroe, my trayterous brother
Would it not grieue a king to be so abused?

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

And haue a thousand hoysmen cane away:
And which is worst to haue his Diadem
Bought for by such scalce knaues as loue him not.
I thinke it would: wel then, by heauens I sweare,
Aurora shall not peepe out of her doozes,
But I will haue Cosroe by the head,
And kill proud Tamburlaine with point of sword.
Tell you the rest (Meander) I haue said.

Mean. Then hauing past Armenian desarts now,
And picche our tents vnder the Georgian hills.
Whose tops are couered with Tartarian thienes,
That lie in ambush, waiting for a pray:
What should we doe but bid them battaile straight,
And rid the world of those detested troopes:
Least if we let them lyager here a while,
They gather strength by power of fresh supplies.
This countrie swarms with vile outrageous men,
That liue by rapine and by lawlesse spoile,
Fit Souldiers for the wicked Tamburlaine,
And he that could with giftes and promises.
Aueigle him that lead a thousand horse,
And make him false his faith vnto the King,
Will quickly win such as are like himse lfe.
Therefore cheere vp your mindes, prepare to fight,
He that can take or slaughter Tamburlaine,
Shall rule the Province of Albania.
Who brings that Traicoys head Theridamas,
Shall haue a gouernment in Medea:
Beside the spoile of him and all his traine:
But if Cosroe (as our Spials say,

And

the Scythian Shepherd,

And as we know)remaines with ramburlaine,
His Highnesse pleasure is that he should live,
And be reclaim'd with princely lenitie.

A Spy. An hundred hoysmen of my company
Scowring abroad upon these champion plaines,
Haue view'd the army of the Scythians,
Which make reports it far exceeds the Kings.

Mean. Suppose they be in number infinite,
Yet being void of Partiall discipline,
All running headlong after greedy spoiles:
And more regarding gaine than victorie:
Like to the cruell brothers of the earth,
Spring of the Dragons venomous,
Their careless swords shal lanch their fellows throates
And make vs triumph in their overthrow.

Myc. Was there such brethren, sweet meander, say
That spring of teeth of Dragons venomous.

Meand. So Poets say, my Lord.

Myce. And tis a pretty toy to be a Poet.
Wel, wel (Meander) thou art deeply read:
And hauing thee, I haue a seuell lure:
Goe on my Lord, and giue your charge I say,
Thy wit will make vs Conquerors to day.

Mean. Then noble souldiours, to intrap these theues,
That liue confounded in disordered troopes,
If wealth or riches may preuaile with them,
We haue our Cammels laden all with gold:
Which you that be but common souldiers,
Shall sling in euery corner of the field:
And while the base bozne Tartars take it vp,

The Conquest of Tamburlaine.

You fighting more for honor then for gold,
Shall massacre those greedy minded slaves:
And when their scattered armie is subdued.
And you march on their slaughtered carcasses,
Share equalie the gold that bought their lives,
And live like Gentlemen in Persia,
Strike up Drum and march courageously,
Fortune her selfe doth sit upon our Crestes.

Myc. He tels you true my maisters, so he does.
Drums, why sound ye not when Meane speaks. Exeunt

Actus. 1. Scena. 2.

Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Vsum-
casane, Ortigius, with others.

Cosroe

NOW worthy tamburlaine, haue I repose
In thy approoued Fortunes all my hope,
What thinkst thou man shal come of our at-
tempts?

For euen as from assured Oracle
I take thy doome for satisfaction.
Cam. And so mistake you not a whit my Lord,
For Fates and Oracles, heauen haue sworne
To royalize the deeds of tamburlaine,
And make them blest that share in his attempts.
And doubt you not, but if you fauour me,
And let my Fortunes and my valour sway,
To some direction in your martiall deeds,
The world shall strike with hostes of men at armes,

Co

the Scythian Shepheard,

To swarme vnto the Ensigne I support.
The hoste of Xerxes, which by fame is said
To drinke the mighty Parthian Araris,
Was but a handfull to that we will haue:
Our quivering Lances shaking in the aire,
And bullets like Ioues dreadfull thunderboltes,
Enrold in flames and fiery smoldering myttes.
Shal threat the Gods more than Cyclopien warres,
And with our Sun-bright armour as we march,
Weel chase the starres from heauen and dim their eyes,
That stand and muse at our admired armes.

ther. You see my Lord what working words he hath
But when you see his actions stop his speech,
Your speech will stay, or so extoll his worth,
As I shal be commended and excusoe
For turning my poore charge to his direction:
And these his two renowned friends, my Lord,
Would make one thrust and strive to be retain'd
In such a great degree of amity.

Tech. With dutie, not with amity we yeeld
Our vtmost seruice to thee faire Cosroe.

Cosr. Which I esteeme as portion of my Crowne,
Vsumcasane and Techelles both,
When he that rules in Rhamnis golden gates,
And makes a passage for all prosperous armes,
Shal make me solely Emperour of Asia,
Then shall your meedes and valours be aduauit
To roomes of honour and nobility.

Cam. Then haste Cosroe to be king alone,
That I with these my friends and all my men.

The Conquest of Tamburlaine.

May triumph in our long expected fate.
The King your brother is now hard at hand,
Meet with the foole, and rin your royall shoulders
Of such a burthen, as outwaies the Landes
And all the craggie rockes of Calpea.

Meis. My Lord, we haue discovered the enemy
Ready to charge you with a mighty armie.
Come Come Tamburlaine, now whet thy winged sword,
And lift thy lofty arme into the cloudes,
That it may reach the King of Perseas crowne,
And set it safe on my victorious head.

Tam. See where it is, the keenest Curle-are
That ere made passage thorow Persean armes,
These are the winges shall make it flie as swift
As both the lightening: or the breath of heauen,
And kill as sure as it swiftly flies.

Colr. Thy wordes assure me of kind success:
Goe valiant souldiour, goe before and charge
The fainting armie of that foolish King.

Tam. Vsumcasane and techelles come,
We are enough to scarre the enemy,
And more then needes to make an Emperour.

To the Battaile, and Myetes comes out alone with
his crowne in his hand, offering to hide it.

Myc. Accurst be he that first inuented warre,
They knew not, ah, they knew not simple men,
How those were hit by pelting Cannon shot,
Stand staggering like a quivering aspen leaf,
Fearing the force of Boreas boisterous blast:

the Scythian Shepheard.

In what a lamentable case were I,
If Nature had not given me wisdomes loze;
For Kinges are cloutes that every man shoots at,
Our crowne the pin that thousands seek to cleave.
Therefore in pollicie I thinke it good
To hide it close: a goodlie Stratagem.
And far from any man that is a foole,
So shall not I be knowne, or if I be,
They cannot take away my crowne from me:
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter Camberlaine

cam. What fearfull coward stragling from the camp
When Kings themselves are present in the field.

Mye Thou lyest.

cam. Base villaine, darst thou giue the lie?

Mye. Away, I am the King: go, touch me not.

Thou breakest the law of Armes vntlesse thou kneele,
And cry me mercy, noble King.

cam. Are you the wittie King of Persea?

myce. I mary ain I: haue you any sute to me?

cam. I would intreat you to speake but thre wile
wordes.

myce. So I can when I see my time.

cam. Is this your Crowne?

myce. I, Didst thou euer see a fayrer?

Camb. You will not sell it, will ye?

myc. Such another word, and I will haue thee
executed.

Come giue it me.

cam. No, I tooke it prisoner,

eye.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Myc. You lie, I gaue it you.

Tamb. Then tis mine.

Mic. No, I meane, I let you keepe it.

Tam. Well, I meane you shal haue it againe,

Here take it for a while, I lend it thee,

Till I may see thee hem'd with armed men,

Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head,

Thou art no match for mightie tamburlaine,

Myc. O Gods, is this tamburlaine the cheefe?

I marvel much he shold it not away.

Sound trumpets to the battell, and he runs in,

Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridimas, Menaphon,

Meander, Ortygius, Techelles, Vsum-
calane, with others,

Tamb. Hold thee Cosroe, weare two imperial crowns

Thinke thee inuicible now as royally,

Even by the mightie hand of tamburlaine,

As if as many kings as could encompass thee

With greatest pomp had crown'd thee Emperour.

Cos. So doe I, thrice renowned man at armes,

And none shal keep the crowne but tamburlaine:

Thee doe I make my Regent of Persia,

And generall lieftenant of my armies,

Meander, you that were our brothers guide,

And chiefest Counsayler in al his actes,

Since he is perld to the stroke of warre,

On your submission we with thanks excuse,

And

the Scythian Shepheard.

And giue you equall place in our affaires.

Mea. Most happieſt Emperour in humbleſt tearmes
I bow my ſervice to you Maiestie,

With beſt vertue of my faith and dutie,

Cof. Thanks good Meander, then Coſroe raigne,
And gouerne Perſia in her former pompe:

Now ſend Embaſſage to thy neighbour kings,

And let them know the Perſian King is chang'd,

From one that knew not what a King ſhould doe,

To one that can command what longs the re:

And now we will to faire Perſepolis,

With twentie thouſand expert ſouldiours,

The Lordes and Captaines of my brothers campe,

With little ſlaughter take Meanders courſe,

And gladly yeeld them to my gracious rule.

Ortygius and Menaphon, my truſty friends,

Now will I gratifie your former good,

And grace your calling with a greater ſway.

Ortyg. And as we euer aimed at your behoofe,

And ſought your ſtate, all honour it deſeru'd,

So wil we with our powers and our liues

Indeavour to preſerue and proſper it.

Cof. I wil not thanke thee (ſweet Ortygius)

Better replies ſhal prooue my purpoſes:

And now Lord Camberlaine, my brothers Campe

I leaue to thee, and to theridimas,

To follow me to faire Perſepolis,

Then wil I march to all thoſe Indian mines,

My wickeſſe brother to the Chriſtians loſt:

And ransome them with ſame and ſurte:

And

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

And till thou overtake me tamberlaine,
(Staying to order all the scattered troopes)
Farewell Lord Regent and his happie friends,
I long to sit upon my brothers throne.

mena. Your Maiesty shall shortly haue your wish,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis, Exeunt,

manent tamb. tech, ther. Vsum,

tam, And ride in triumph through Persepolis?

Is it not braue to be a King, techelles?

Vsumcasane and theridimas,

Is it not passing braue to be a King,

And ride in triumph through persepolis?

tech O my Lord, tis sweet, and full of pompe,

Vsum To be a King, is halfe to be a God,

ther A God is not so glorious as a King:

I thinke the pleasure they enioy in heauen

Cannot conipare with kingly ioyes in earth,

To weare a Crowne enchat'd with pearle and gold,

Whose vertues carie with it life and death.

To aske, and haue: commaund, and be obeyed:

When lookes breed loue, with lookes to gaine the prize,

Such power attractiue shines in Princes eyes.

tam, Why say, theridimas, wilt thou be a King;

ther. Nay, though I praise it, I can liue without it.

tam, What says my other friends, will you be Kings?

tech. I, if I could with all my heart, my Lord,

tamb. Why, that's well sayd techelles, so would I.

And so would you my masters, would you not?

Vsum: What then my Lord?

tam, Why then Casanes shall we with for ought

The

the Scythian Shepherd,

The world affoordes in greatest novelty,
And rest attemptlesse faint and destitute:
He thinks we should not, I am strongly moou'd,
That if I should desire the Persean crowne,
I could attaine it with a wondrous ease,
And would not all our Souldiours soone consent,
If we should aime at such a dignitie:

ther. I know they would with our perswasions.

Cam. Why then theridamas, Ile first assay,
To get the Persean Kingdome to my selfe:
Then thou for Parthia, they for Scythia, and Medea,
And if I prosper all shall be as sure,
As if the Turke, the Pope, Affricke and Græce,
Came creeping to vs with their crowns apeece.

tech. Then shall we send to this triumphing king
And bid him battell for his nouell Crowne:

Vsum. Nay quickly then, before his roome be hot
I will procure a pretie test (in faith) my friends,
The. A test to charge on twentie thousand men:
I iudge the purchase more important far.

cam. Iudge by thy selfe Theridamas, not me,
For presently Techelles here shall passe,
To bid him battell ere he passe to farre.
And loose more labour than the gaine will quight.
Then shalt thou see the Scythian Tamburlaine,
Make but a test to win the Persean crowne,
Techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,
And bid him turne his backe to war with vs,
That onely made him king to make vs spoyle,
We will not steale vpon him cowardly,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

But give him warning and more warriors,
Haste thee Techelles, we will follow thee.

What saith theridamas;
thou, Go on for me.

Exeunt

Actus, 3, Scena, 6

Cosroe, Meander, Ortygius, Menaphon, with
other Souldiours.

Cosr.

What means this devilish shepherd to aspire
With such a gyanclie presumption,
To cast by hills against the face of heauen,
And dare the force of angrie Iupiter,

But as he thrust them vnderneath the hills,
And prest out fire from their burning iawes;
So will I send this monstrous slaue to hell,
Where flames shal euer feed vpon his soule.

Mean. Some powers diuine, or els infernal, mixt
Their angry seeds at his conception:
For he was neuer sprung of humane race,
Since with the spirit of his fearful pride,
He dare so doubtlesly resolve of rule.
And by profession be ambitious.

Ortig. What God, or fiend, or spirit of the earth,
Or monster turned to a manly shape,
Or of what mould or mettell he be made,
What starre or state soeuer gouerne him,
Let vs put on our meet incountring minds,
And in detecting such a diuillish Thiefe,

the Scythian Shepherd,

In loue of honour and defence of right,
Be arm'd against the hate of such a foe,
Whether from earth, or hell, or heauen he growe.

Cos, Nobly resolu'd my good Ortygius.
And since we all haue suckt one whollome aire,
And with the same proportion of Elements,
Resolue, I hope we are resembled,
Flowing our loues to equall death and life,
Let's cheere our souldiours to encounter him,
That grieuous image of ingratitude:
That fiery thirster after Soueraincie:
And burne him in the forie of that flame,
That none can quench but blood and Empery,
Resolue my Lords and louing souldiours now,
To saue your King and country from decay:
Then strike by Drum, and all the 'starres that make
The loehsome circle of my dated life,
Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,
That thus opposeth him against the Gods,
And scoynes the powers that gouerne Persia,

Enter to the battel, and after the battel, enter Cosroe
wounded, Theridamas, Tamburlaine, Techelles
Vsumcasane, with others.

Cos, Barbarous and bloody camburlaine,
Thus to depriue me of my crowne and life:
Treacherous and false Theridimas,
Euen at the morning of my happy state,
Scarce being seated in my royall throne,
To worke my downfall, and vntimely end;

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

An vnconceiue paine torments my griued soule
And death arrests the organ of my voyce.
Who entering at the breach thy sword hath made,
Sackes euery vaine and artier of my heart,
Bloody and insatiate tamburlaine.

ram. The thirst of raigne and sweetnes of a crowne
That cauls the eldest sonne of heauenly Ops,
To thrust his dotting father from his chaire,
And place himselfe in the Imperial heauen,
Hoo'd me to manage armies against thy state,
What better president then mighty Ioue?
Nature that fram'd vs of foure Elements,
Warring within our breastes for regiment,
Doth teach vs all to haue aspiring minds:
Our soules, whole faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure euery wandring Planets course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And alwayes moouing as the restlesse Sphaeres,
Wills vs to weare our selues and neuer rest
Unill we reach the ripest fruite of all,
That perfect blisse and sole felicitie,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crowne.

cher. And that made me to ioin with tamburlaine,
For he is grosse and like the massy earth,
That mooues not vpwards, nor by princely deeds
Doth meane to soare aboue the highest soyt.

tech. And that made vs the friends of tamburlaine,
To lift our swords against the Persean king.

Vlu. For as when Ioue did thrust old Saturn down
Neptune

the Scythian Shepheard,

Neptune and Dis gain'd each of them a crowne,
So do we hope to raigne in Asia,
If Tamburlaine be plac'd in Persia.

Col. The strangest men that ever nature made,
I know not how to take their tyrannies:
My bloodlesse body waxeth childe and colde,
And with my blood my life slides through my wounds
My soule begins to take her flight to hell,
And summons all my senses to depart:
The heat and moisture which did feed each other,
For want of nourishment to feed them both,
Is drie and cold, and now both ghastly death
With greedy callents gripe my bleeding heart,
And like a Harpy tires on my life.
Theridamas and tamberlaine, I die,
And fearfull vengeance light upon you both.

He takes the Crowne and puts it on.

Tam. Not all the curses which the Furies breath,
Shall make me leaue so rich a prize as this:
Theridamas, rechelles, and the rest,
Who think you now is king of Persia?

All. Tamburlaine, Tamburlaine. (armed)

Tam. Though Mars himselfe the angry God of
And all the earthly potentates conspire,
To dispossesse me of this Diadem:
Yet will I weare it in despite of them,
As great commander of this Easterne world,
If you but say that Tamburlaine shall raigne.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine:

All Long live camburlaine, and raigne in Asia,
tamb. So, now it is moze surer on my head,
Then if the Gods had held a Parliament,
And all pronounst me king of Persia.

Finis Actus 2.

Actus 3 Scena 1.

Baiazeth, the kings of Fess. Morocco, and Argier,
with others, in great pompe.

Baiazeth

Great Kings of Barbarie, & my portly Basses,
We hear the Tartars and the eastern theues
Under the conduct of our Tamburlaine,
Presume a bickering with your Emperours:
And thinks to rouse us from our dreadful siege
Of the famous Grecian Constantinople:
You know our armie is invincible:
As many circumcised Turkes we have,
And warlike bands of Christians renied,
As hath the Ocean or the Terrene sea,
Small drops of water, when the Moone begins
To toyne in one her semicircled boznes:
Yet would we not be brau'd with foraine power,
Nor raise our siege before the Grecians peels,
Or breathlesse lie before the citie walles.

Fess. Renowned Emperour, and mightie General
What if you sent the Basses of your guard,
To charge him to remaine in Asia,
Or els to threaten death and deadly armes,
As from the mouth of mighty Baiazeth.

Baia.

the Scythian Shephcard.

Bai, Wite thee my Bassoe fast to Persia,
Tell him thy Lord the Turkish Emperour,
Dread Lord of Affricke, Europe and Asia,
Great king and Conquerour of Grecia,
The Ocean, Terrene and the cole-blacke sea,
The high and highest Monarch of the world,
Wills and commands (for say not I entreat)
Not once to set his foot in Affrica,
Or spread his collours in Grecia,
Least he incurre the furie of my wrath.
Tell him, I am content to take a truce,
Because I heare he beares a valiant mind.
But if presuming on his silly power,
He be so mad to manage armes with me,
Then say thou with him, say I bid thee so:
And if before the Sun haue measured the heauen
With triple circuit thou regreet us not,
We meane to take his moynings next arile
For messenger, he wil not be reclaim'd,
And meane to fetch thee in despite of him.

Bass. Most great and puissant Monark of the earth,
your Bassoe will accomplish your behest:
And shew your pleasure to the Persian,
As fits the Legate of the stately Turke. Exit Bass.

Arg. They say he is the King of Persia,
But if he dare attempt to stir your siege,
Twere requisite he should be ten times more,
For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.

Bai. True (Argier) and tremble at my looks. (To
Moro, The spring is bindzed by your smothering
for

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

For neither raine can fall vpon the earth,
Nor Sun releeve his vertuous beames thereon,
The ground is mantled with such multitudes,
Bai. All this is true as holy Mahomet,
And all the trees are blasted with our breathes.
Fest. What thinks your greatnes best to be achiev'd
In pursuit of the cities overhrow'd:

Bai. I will the captiue pionsers of Argier
Cut off the water, that by leaden pipes
Runs to the cittie from the mountaine Carnon,
Two thousand horse shall forrage vp and downe,
That no reliefe or succour come by land.
And all the sea my Gallies countermaund.
Then shall our footmen lie within the trench,
And with their Cannons mouth'd like Orcus gulfe,
Batter the walles, and we will enter in:
And thus the Grecians shal be conquered.

Actus 3. Seena 2.

Agydas, Zenocrate, Anippe,
with others,

Madam Zenocrate, may I presume
To know the cause of these vnquiet rest:
That work such trouble to your wonted rest
Tis more then pittie such a beauenly face
Should by hearts sorrow waxe so wan and pale:
When your offensive rape by Tamburlaine,
(Which of your whole displeasures should be most)
Hath seem'd to be digested long agoe.

the Seythian Sheheard,

Zeno. Although it be digested long agoe,
As his exceeding favours haue deseru'd,
And might content the Queen of heauen as well:
As it hath chang'd my first conceiv'd disdain,
Yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts,
With ceaselesse and disconsolate conceits,
Which dies my looks so liewlesse as they are:
And might, if my extreames had full euent,
Make me the ghastly counterfeite of death.

Agid. Eternall heauen sooner be dissolv'd,
And all that pierceth Phoebes siluer eye,
Before such hap fall to Zenocrate,

Zen. Ah life and soule still hower in his breast,
And leaue my body sencelesse as the earth,
Or els unite me to his life and soule,
That I may live and die with Tamburlaine.

Enter Tamburlaine with Techelles and others.

Agid. With Tamburlaine: Ah faire Zenocrate,
Let not a man so vile and barbarous,
That holdes you from your father in despoite,
And keeps you from the honours of a Queen,
Being supposed his worthlesse Concubine,
Be honoured with your love, but for necessity,
So now the mightie Souldan heares of you,
Your Highnesse needs not doubt but in short time,
He will with Tamburlaines destruction,
Redeeme you from this deadly seruitude.

Zen, Leave to wound me with these wordes,

And

The Conquest of Tamburlaine.

And speak of Tamburlaine as he deserves;
The entertainment we haue had of him,
As far from villanie or seruitude,
And might in noble mindes be counted princely.

Agid. How can you fancy one that looks so fierce,
Only disposed to marriall Stratagems:
Who when he shall embrace you in his armes,
Will tell how manie thousand men he slew.
And when you looke for amorous discourse,
Will rattle forth his facts of warre and blood,
Too harsh a subject for your daintie eares.

Zc. As looks the sun through Nilus flowing stream,
Or when the morning holds him in her armes,
So lookes my Lordly loue faire Tamburlaine:
His talke much sweeter then the Muses song,
They sung for honoz gainst Pierides:
Or when Minerva did with Neptune strive,
And higher would I reare my estimate,
Then Iuno sister to the highest God,
If I were matcht with mighty Tamburlaine.

Agid. Yet be not so inconstant in your loue,
But let the yong Arabian liue in hope,
After your rescue to enjoy his choice:
You see though first the King of Persia
(Being a shepheard) seem'd to loue you much,
Now in his maiestie he leaues those looks,
Those words of fauour, and those comfortings,
And giues no more then common courtesies,

Zen. Thence rise the tears that so distain my cheeks
Fearing his love through my unworthinesse.

Tamb.

the Scythian Shepherd.

Camburlain goes to her & takes her away lovingly
by the hand, looking wrathfully on Agidas,
and sayes nothing.

Agid. Betrayd by Fortune and suspicious loue,
Threatned with frowning wrath and jealousy,
Surpriz'd with feare of hideous reuenge,
I stand agast: but most astonied
To see his choller shut in secret thoughtes,
And wrapt in silence of his angrie soule:
Upon his browes was pourtraid ugly death,
And in his eyes the furie of his heart:
That shine as Comets, menacing reuenge,
And castes a pale complexion on his cheeks,
As when the sea-man sees the Hyades
Gather an armie of Cemerian cloudes,
(Auster and Aquilon with winged Sceds,
All sweating, tilt about the watry heauens.
With shiuering speares enforcing thunderclaps,
And from their shields strike flames of lightening)
All fearfull folde his sayles, and sounds the maine,
Lifting his prayers to the heauens for aide,
Against the terror of the windes and waues,
So fares Agidas for the late felt frownes,
That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughtes,
And makes my soule deuine her ouerthrow.

Enter Techelles with a naked dagger.

tech. See you Agidas how the King salutes you,
He bids you prophetic what it importes.

Agid. I propheticd before, and now I proue,

The

The Conquest of Tamburlaine.

The killing crownes of iealousie and loue.
Hee needed not with wordes confirme my feare,
For wordes are vaine where working cooles present
The naked action of my threatned end
It sayes, Agidas, thou shalt surely die.
And of extremities elect the least,
More honoz and lesse paine it may procure,
To die by this resolved hand of thine,
Then stay the torments he and heauen haue swozne,
Then haste Agidas, and preuent the plagues
Which thy prolonged Fates may draw on thee:
Go wander free from feare of Tyrants rage,
Remoued from the torments and the hell:
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soule,
And let Agidas by Agidas die.
And with this stab slumber eternally.

tech. Vsumcasane, see how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my Lord the King.

Vsum. Faith, and techelles it was manly done:
And since he was so wise and honourable,
Let vs affoord him now the bearing hence,
And craue his triple worthy buriall.

tech. Agreed Casane, we wil honoz him.

Act 3. Scena 3.

Tamburlaine, Techelles, Vsumcasane, Theridimas,
Bassoe, Zenocrate, with others.

Tam.

the Scythian Shepherd.

B Assoc, by this thy Lord and Maister knowen
I meane to meet him in Bithinia,
See how he comes: rush, Turks are full of brags
And menace more then they can wel performe
He meet me in the field and fetch thee hence:
Alas (poore Turk) his fortune is too weake,
T'encounter with the strength of Tamburlaine,
View well my campe, and speake indifferently,
Do not my Captaines and my souldiours looke
As if they meant to conquer Affrica.

Bass Your men are valiant, but their number few
And cannot terrifie his mighty hoste,
My Lord, the great commander of the world,
Besides fifteen contributorie kings,
Hath now in armes ten thousand Janisaries,
Mounted on lusty Mauritanian Steeds,
Brought to the warre by men of tripolie,
Two hundred thousand footmen that haue seru'd
In two set battels fought in Grecia:
And for the expedition of this war,
If he think good can from his garrisons
Withdraw as many more to follow him.

rech. The more he brings, the greater is the spoil,
For when they perish by our warlike hands,
We meane to seat our footmen on their seedes,
And rise all those stately Janisars.

tam. But wil those Kings accompany your Lord?
Bass. Such as his Highnesse please, but some must
To rule the prouinces he late subdu'd. (stay
tam, Then fight courageously their crowns are yours,
This

The Conquests of Tamburlaine;

This hand shal set them on your conquering heades,
That made me Emperour of Asia,

V. sum. Let him bring millions infinite of men,
Unpeopling Westerne Affrica and Greece,
Yet we assure vs of the victorie.

ther. Guen be that in a trice vanquisheth two kinges
More mighty then the Turkish Emperour,
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue
His scattered armie till they yeeld or die.

Tamb. Well said theridamas, speak in that mood,
For Will and Shall best fitteth Tamburlaine,
Whose smiling stars giues him assured hope
Of martiall triumph, ere he meet his foes:

I that am tearm'd the Scourge and wrath of God,
The onely feare and terrour of the world,
Will first subdue the Turke, and then enlarge

Those Christian Captiues, which you keep as slaues,
Burdening their bodies with your heauie chaines,
And feeding them with thin and slender fare,

That naked rowe about the Terrene sea:
And when they chance to breath and rest a space,
Are punisht with Ballones so grievously,

That they lie panting on the Gallies side,
And strive for life at euery stroke they giue:

These are the cruell Pirates of Argier,
That damned craine, the scum of Affrica,
Inhabited with stragling Runnagates,

That make quick hauocke of the Christian blood:
But as I liue, that towne shall curse the time
That Tamburlaine set foot in Affrica,

the Scythian Shepheard.

Enter Baiazeth with his Bassoes, and
his contributory kings.

Bai. Bassoes and Janisaries of my Guard,
Attend upon the person of your Lord,
The greatest Potentate of Affrica.

I am Techelles, and the rest, prepare your swordes,
I meane t'encounter with that Baiazeth.

Ba. Kings of Fesse, Moroccus and Argier,
He calles me Baiazeth, whom you call Lord:
Note the presumption of this Scythian slave,
I tell thee villaine, those that lead my horse
Have to their names title of dignitie,
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Baiazeth?

I am. And know thou Turk, that those which lead
my horse,

Shall lead thee Captive thorow Affrica,
And dar'st thou bluntly call me ramberlaine?

Bai. By Mahomet, my Kinsmans sepulcher,
And by the holy Alcaron I sweare,
He shal be made a chaste and lustlesse Eunike,
And in my Sarcell send my Concubines:
And all his Captaines that thus stoutly stand,
Shall draw the chariot of my Emperesse.

Whom I have brought to see their overthrow.

I am. By this my sword that conquered Persia,
Thy fall shall make me famous through the world,
I will not tell thee how I wil handle thee,
But every common souldiour of my camp
Shall come to see thy miserable state,

Fell,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Pell. What means the mighty Turkish Emperour
To talk with one so base as Tamburlaine.

Mor. Ye Moores, and valiant men of Barbary,
How can ye suffer these indignities?

Argier, Leau wordes, and let them feeke your
Lances popntes,

Which gliden through the towels of the Greeks,

Bai. Wel said my stout contributozie kings

Your threefold armie and my hugie hoste,

Shall swallow vp these base bozne Perseans.

rech, Puissant, renowned & mighty tamburlaine,

Thy stay we thus prolonging all their liues,

Ther I long to see those crowns won by our swords

That we may raigne as kings of Affrica.

Vlum. What coward would not fight for such a prize

tamb. Fight all couragiously and be you kings.

I speake it, and my wordes are oracles.

Bai. Zabina, mother of three brauer boyes

Then Hercules, that in his infancy

Did pass the iawes of serpents vtremous,

Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike lance,

Their shoulders broad for compleat armour fit,

Their limmes more large and of a bigger size,

Than all the bzats yspzong from typhons loynes,

Who when they come vnto their fathers age,

Will batter turrets with their manly fists,

Sit here vpon this royall chaire of state,

And on thy head weare my Emperiall crowne,

Until I bring this sturdy tamburlaine,

And all his Captaines bound in captiue cheines.

Zab.

the Scythian Shepherd.

Zab. Such good successe happen to Baiazech,
tam. Zenoerate, the loueliest maid aliuē,
Fairer then rockes of pearle and precious stone,
The only paragon of Tamburlaine,
Whose eyes are brighter then the lampes of heauen,
And speech more pleasant then sweet harmony,
That with thy looks canst cleare the darkened Skie,
And calme the rage of thundering Iupiter:
Sit downe by her: adozned with my crowne.
As if thou wert the Emperesse of the world.
Stir not Zenoerate, until thou see
We march victoriously with all my men,
Triumphing ouer him and these his kinges.
Which I will bring as vassels to thy feet.

Uill then take thou my crowne, baunt of my worth,
And manage words with her, as we will armes.

Zen. And may my Loue, the king of Persia
Returue with vict'ry, and free from wound.
Bai. Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish armes;
Which lately made all Europe quake for feare:
I haue of Turks, Arabians, Moores, and Iewes
Enough to couer all Bythinia.

Let thousands die, their slaughter'd Carcasses
Shall serue for walles and bulwarkes to the rest,
And as the heads of Hydra, to my power
Subdued, shall stand as mightie as before:
If they they should prelo their neckes vnto the sword,
Thy soul'sours armes could not endure to strike
So many blowes as I haue heads for thee.
Thou knowest not (foolish bawdy Tamburlaine,)

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

What tis to meet me in the open field,
That leaue no ground for thee to march vpon.
ram. Our conquering swords shall marshal vs the
We vse to march vpon the slaughtered foe: (way
Trampling their bowels with our horses hooves:
Braue horses, bred on the white Tartarian hills,
My camp is like to Julius Cæsars hostes:
That neuer fought but had the victory:
Nor in Pharsalia was there such hot war,
As these my followers willingly would haue:
Legions of Spirits fleeing in the aire,
Direct our bullets and our weapons pointes,
And make our strokes to wound the senselesse lure,
And when she sees our bloody Colours spread,
Then Victorie begins to take her flight,
Resting her self vpon my white tent:
But come my Lords, to weapons let vs fall:
The field is ours, the Turke, his wife and all
Exit, with his followers.

Bai. Come Kings & Vassals, let vs glut our swords
Thatchirke to drinke the feeble Persians blood.
Exit, with his followers,

zab. Base Concubine, must thou be plac'd by me,
That art the Emperesse of the mightie Turke:
Zen. Disdainfull Turke, and vnrueerend Wolfe,
Call'it thou me Concubine: that am betroch'd
Vnto the great and mightie Tamburlaine:
zab. O Tamburlaine the great Tartarian chief:
Zc. Thou wilt repent these lawles words of thine,
When thy great Vassal-maister and thy selfe,

Exit

the Scythian Shepherd.

Must plead for mercy at his kingly feet,
And sue to me to be your Advocate.

Zab. And sue to thee? I tell thee shamelesse girl,
Thou shalt be Laundresse to my waiting maid,
How lik'st thou her Ebea, will she serue?

Ebea. Madam she thinks perhaps she is too fine,
But I shall turne her into other weed,
And make her daintie fingers fall to worke.

Zen. hearst thou Anippe, how thy dudge doth talk
And how my slave, her mistresse menaceth.
Both for their causinesse shal be employed,
To dresse the common souldiours meate and drinke,
For we will scoone they should come neere our selues.

Ani. Yet sometimes let your highnesse send for them
To do the worke my chamber maid disdaines.

They sound to the battel within, and stay.

Zen. O Gods and powers that governe Persia,
And made my lordly Leue her worthy king,
Now strengthen him against the Turkih Baiazeth,
And let his foes like flocks of fearful Roes,
Pursued by hunters, flee his angry lookes,
That I may see him issue Conqueroz.

Zab. Now Mahomet, sollicit God himselfe,
And make him rain down murdering shot from heauen,
To dash the Scythians brynes, and strike them dead,
That dare to manage armes with him,
That offered iewels to thy sacred shrine,
When first he warr'd against the Christians,
To the battel againe.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Zen. By this the Turks lie weltring in their blood
And Tamburlaine is Lord of Affrica. (sound,

Zab. Thou art deceiv'd, I heard the Trumpets
As when my Emperour overthrew the Greeks,
And led them captiue into Affrica.

Straight wil I vse thee as thy pride deserues:
Prepare thy selfe to liue and die my slaue.

zen. If Mahomet should come from heauen and
My royall Lord is slaine or conquered, (swear
Yet should he not perswade me otherwise,
But that he liues and will be Conquerour.

Baiazeth flies, and he pursues him,
The Battel is short, and they enter,
Baiazeth is overcome.

Tam. Now king of Bassoes, who is Conquerour?

Bai. Thou by the fortune of this damned soyle.

tam. Where are your stout contributozie Kings?

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasane.

tech. We haue their crownes, their bodies strowe
the field,

tam. Each man a crown: why kingly fought yfaith,
Deliuier them into my treasury.

Zen. Now let me offer to my gracious Lord,
His royall crowne againe so highly won:

tam. May take the Turkish crown from her Zeno:
And crowne me Emperour of Affrica. (crate

Zab No tamburlain, though now thou gat the best
Thou shalt not yet be Lord of Affrica.

ther,

the Scythian Shepherd.

ther. Giue her the Croton Turkelle you wer best:
He takes it from her, and giues it

Zenocrate.

Zab. Iniurious villaines, cheeues, runnagates,
How dare you thus abuse my maiestie?

ther. Were Madam, you are Emperesse, she is none,
tam. Not now theridimas, her time is past:

The pillers that haue bolstered by those tearmes,
Are faine in clusters at my conquering feet.

Zab. Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomed,
tam. Not all the world shall ransom Baiazeth.

Bai. Ah faire Zabina, we haue lost the field.
And neuer had the Turkish Emperour
So great a foyle by any foraine foe.
Now will the Christian miscreants be glad,
Ringing with ioy their superstitious belles,
And making bonfires for my ouerthrow:
But ere I die those foule Idolaters
Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones:
For though the glozie of this day be lost,
Affricke and Greece haue garrisons ynough
To make me Soueraigne of the earth againe.
tam. Those walled garrisons will I subdue,
And write my selfe great Lord of Affrica.
So from the East vnto the furthest West,
Shall Tamburlaine extend his puissant armes:
The Gallies and those pilling Briggandines
That peerly sayle to the Venetian gulfe,
And houer in the Straights for Christians wracke,
Shall ly at anchor in the Isle Asanc,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Untill the Persian Fleet and men of war,
Sailing along the Orientall sea,
Hauē fetcht about the Indian continent:
Euen from persepolis to Mexico,
And thence vnto the straights of Iubalter,
Where they shal meet, and ioyne their force in one;
Keeping in awe the bay of Portingale,
And all the Ocean by the Brittish shore,
And by this meanes Ile win the world at last.

Ba Yet set a rancome on me tamburlaine.

Tam. What, thinkest thou tamburlaine esteems thy
Ile make the kings of India ere I die, (gold?
Offer their mines (to sue for peace) to me,
And dig for treasure to appease my wrath:
Come bind them both, and one lead in the Turk,
The Turkeste let my Loues maid lead away.
they bind them.

Bai. A villaines, dare ye touch my sacred armes?
O Mahomet, O sleepe Mahomet.

Zab. O cursed Mahomet, that makst vs thus
The slaues to Scythians rude and barbarous.
tamb. Come bring them in, and for this happie
conquest,

Triumph and solemnize a martiall feast. Exeunt
Finis Actus tertii.

Actus 4 Scena 1.

Souldan of Egypt with three or foure
Lords, Capolin,

Awake

the Scythian Shepheard.

A Wake ye men of Memphis, heare the clange
Of Scythian trumpets, hear the Basiliskes,
That roaring, shake Domascus turrets down,
The rogue of Volga holds Zenocrate,
The Souldans daughter for his Concubine,
And with a troop of theeues and bagabonds
Hath spread his collours to our high disgrace,
While you faint hearted base Egyptians,
Lie slumbring on the flowzy bankes of Nile,
As Crocodiles, that vnaffrighted rest,
While thundering Cannons rattle on their Skins.

Mess. Nay (mighty Souldan) did your greatnes see
The frowning lookes of fiery tamberlaine,
That with his terrour and imperious eyes
Commaunds the hearts of his associates,
It might amaze your royall maiestie.

Soul. Villain. I tel thee, were that tamberlaine,
As monstrous as Gorgon, prince of Hell,
The Souldan would not start a foot from him.
But speake, what power hath he?

Mess. Mighty Lord,
Thzee hundred thousand men in armour clad,
Upon their prancing Steeds, disdaine fully
With wanton paces trampling on the ground,
Five hundred thousand footmen threatening shot,
Shaking their swords, their speares and ppon bills,
Enuironing their standerd round, that stood
As bristle-pointed as a thornie wood.
Their warlike Engins and munition
Exceed the forces of their marttall men,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Soul. Nay could their numbers counteruaile the
Starres,

Oz euer drizzling drops of Aprill showers,
Oz withered leaues that Autumn: shaketh downe,
Yet would the Souldane by his conquering power
So scatter and consume them in his rage,
That not a man should liue to rue their fall.

Cap. So might your highnes, had you time to loose
Your fighting men, and raise your royall hoste:
But tamburlaine by expedition
Aduantage takes of your vnreadinesse.

Soul. Let him take all th'aduantages he can,
Were all the world conspir'd to fight for him,
Nay, were he deuill, as he is no man,
Yet in reuenge of faire Zenocrate,
Whom he detaineth in despite of vs,
This arme should send him downe to Erebus,
To shroud his shame in darkeesse of the night.

Meff. Pleaseth your mightinesse to vnderstand,
His resolution far exceedeth all:
The first day when he pitcheth downe his tentes,
White is their bew, and on his silver crest,
A snowy feather spangled white he beares,
To signifie the mildnesse of his minde.
That satiate with spoyle, refuseth blood:
But when Aurora mountes the second time,
As red as Scarlet is his furniture,
Then must his kindled wrath be quencht with blood,
Not sparing any that can mannage armes:
But if these threats mooue not submission,

Black

15
the Scythian Shepherd.

Black are his collours, blacke Pavilion,
His speare, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
And Nettie Feathers menace death and hell,
Without respect of Sexe, degree or age.
He raceth all his foes with fire and sword.

Soul. Mercilesse villaine, Desant, ignorant
Of lawfull armes or marttall discipline,
Pillage and murder are his vsuall trades,
The slaue vsurpes the glorious name of war.
See Capoln the faire Arabian king,
That hath bene disappointed by this slaue,
Of my faire daughter, and his princely Loue,
May haue fresh warning to goe warre with vs,
And be reneng'd for her disparagement.

Actus 4. Seena 2.

Tamburlaine, Techelles, theridimas, Vsumcasano
Zenocrate, Anippe, two Moores drawing Baiazeth
in his cage, and his wife following him:

Tamb.

B Ring out my foot-stoole.

They take him out of the cage.

Bai. Oe holy priests of beaucnly Mahomet,
That sacrificing slice and cut your flesh
Staining his Altars with you purple blood,
Make heauen to frowne and euery fixed star,
To sucke vp popson from the moorish Fens,
And poure it in this glorious tyrants throat.

eam. The chiefest God, first mouer of that Sphere.
C. hac'n

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Enchac'd with thousands euer shining lamps,
Will sooner burne the glorious frame of heauen,
Then it should so conspire my ouerthrow:
But villain, thou that wishest this to me,
Fall prostrate on the lowe disdainfull earth,
And be the foot-stoole of great tamburlaine,
That I may rise into my royall throne.

Bai, First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy sword:
And sacrifice my heart to death and hel,
Before I yeeld to such a slavery.

cam. Vase villaine, vassal, slave to tamburlaine,
Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground
That beares the honour of my royall waight:
Scoop villaine, stoop, stoop so he bids,
That may commaund thee peece-meale to be toyne,
Or scattered like the lofty Cedar trees,
Scrooke with the voice of thundering Iupiter:

Ba, Then as I look down to the damned Fiendes,
Fiends looke on me, and thou dread God of Hel,
With Eban Scepter strike this hateful earth,
And make it swallow both of vs at once.

He gets vp vpon him to his chaire.

cam. Now cleare the triple region of the aire,
And let the Maiestie of heauen behold
Their Scourge and terrour tread on Emperours,
Smile Starres that raignd at my natiuitie:
And dim the brightnesse of their neighbour lampes,
Disdaine to borrow light of Cynthia,

the Scythian shephard.

For I the chiefeſt Lamp of all the earth,
Fiſt riſing in the Eaſt with mild aſpect,
But ſired now in the Perſian line,
Will lend by fire to your turning Spheres,
And cauſe the Sun to borrow light of you;
My ſword ſtroke fire from his coat of ſteele,
Euen in Bythinia, when I tooke this Turke
As when a fiery exhalation
Trapt in the bowels of a freeſing cloud,
Fighting for paſſage, make the Welkin crack,
And caſts a flaſh of lightening to the earth:
But ere I march to wealthy Perſia,
O, leaue Damaſcus, and th' Egyptian fields,
As was the fame of Clymeus byaſtick ſonne,
That almoſt burnt the Arctree of heauen:
So ſhal our ſwords, our lances, and our ſhot
Fill all the aire with fiery meteors:
Then when the Skie ſhal waxe as red as blood,
It ſhall be ſaid, I made it red my ſelfe,
To make me think of nought but blood and war.

Jab: Unworthy king that by thy crueltie,
Unlawfully uſurp'ſt the Perſian ſeat,
Dar'ſt thou that neuer ſaw an Emperour,
Before thou met my husband in the field,
Being thy Captiue, thus abuſe his ſtate,
Keeping his kingly body in a cage,
That cooſes of gold and ſun-bright Pallaces
Should haue prepar'd to entertaine his Grace?
And treading him beneath thy loathſome feet,
Whole ſet the Kings of Africa haue kiſt:

The Conquest of Tamburlaine.

rech. You must devise some torment worse my lord
To make these captives reine their lawles tongues.

tam. Zenocate, looke better to your slave:

Zen. She is my handmaids slave, and she shal look
That these abuses flow not from her tongue:
Chide her Anippe.

Anip. Let these be warnings then for you my slave
How you abuse the person of the king:

Oz els I sweare to haue you whipt stark nak'd.

Ba. Great tamberlaine, great in my ouerthrow,
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low,
For treading on the backe of Baiazeth,
That should be horsed on foure mightie kings.

tam. Thy names and titles, and thy dignities
Are fled from Baiazeth, and remaine with me,
That will maintaine it against a world of Kings,
Put him in againe.

Bai. Is this a place for mighty Baiazeth?
Confusion light on him that helps thee thus.

tam. There whiles he liues shal Baiazeth be kept,
And where I goe he thus in triumph drawne:
And thou his wife shalt feed him with the scraps
My seruitors shall bring thee from my boord:
For he that giues him other food then this:
Shall sit by him, and starue to death himselfe.
This is my mind, and I will haue it so.
Not all the kinges and Emperours of the earth,
If they would lay their crownes befoze my feet,
Shall ransom him, or take him from his cage:
The ages that shall talke of tamberlaine,

Euen

the Scythian Shepherd.

Even from this day to Platoes wondrous yeare,
Shall talke how I have handled Baiaseth.
These Moores that drew him from Bythinia,
To faire Damascus, where we now remaine,
Shall lead him with vs wheresoeere we goe,
Techelles and my louing followers,
Now may we see Damascus loftie towers,
Like to the shadowes of Pyramides,
That with their beauties graue the Memphion fields.
The golden statue of their feathered bird
That spreads her wings upon the citie walles,
Shall not defend it from our battering shot:
The towne-men make in silke and cloth of gold,
And euery house is as a treasury:
The men, the treasure, and the towne is ours.
ther. Your tents of white now pitch'd before the
And gentle flags of amitie displaid, (gates
I doubt not but the Gouverneur will yeld,
Offering Damascus to your Majesty.
cam. So shal he haue his life, and all the rest
But if he stay until the bloody flag
Be once aduanc'd on my Vermilion tent,
He dies, and those that kept vs out so longe
And when they see me march in black array,
With mournful streamers hanging down their heads
Where in that citie all the world contain'd,
Not one shoulde scape: but perish by our swords.
Zen Yet would you haue some pittie for my sake?
Because it is my countrey and my Fathers.
cam. Not for the whole Zenocrate, if I haue sworn
Come

The Conquests of Tamburlaine;
Come hying in the Turke. Exeunt.

ACTS. 4. SCENA 3.

Souldane, Arabia, Capoline, with streaming collours
and Souldiours.

Souldan.

ME thinks we march as Meleager did,
Emironed with brave Argolian Knights:
To chase the savage Calcedonian Boare,
Or Cephalus with his Thebane pourses,
Against the Mole that angry themis sent,
To waste and spoyle the sweet Ionian fields,
A monster of fine hundred thousand heads,
Compact of Rapine, pyracie and spoyle:
The scourge of men, the hate and scourge of God,
Raves in Egyptia, and annopeth vs:
O my Lord, it is the bloody tamburlaine,
A sturdie Felon, and a base bred cheefe:
By murder raised to the Persian Crowne,
That dare controll vs in our territories.
To tame the pride of this presumptuous head,
Toine your Arabians with the Souldans power,
Let vs binde our Royal bandes in one,
And hasten to remoue Damascus siege,
It is a blemish to the maiestie
And high estate of mightie Emperors,
That such a base usurping vagabond
Should haue a King, or weare a princely Crowne:
Aye, Renowned Souldane, haue ye lately heard

the

the Scythian Shepheard.

The overthrow of mighty Balazechus
About the confines of Bythinia
The slavery wherewith he persecutes
The noble Turke and his great Emperesse
Soh, I haue and know for his bad successe
But noble Lord of great Arabia,
Be so perswaded that the Soulpaine is
No more dishonour with tidings of his fall
Than in the haue when the Pilot stands
And viewes a strangers ship rent in the winde,
And shivered against a craggye rocke,
Yet in compassion of his wretched state
A sacred vow to heauen and him I make,
Confirming it with this holy name,
That tumburlaine shall rue the day the bowe,
Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong,
Unto the hallowed person of a prince,
Or kept the faire Zenocrate so long,
As Concubine, I feare to feed his lust.
Let griefe and fury hasten on reuenge,
Let tumburlaine for his offences feele
Such plagues as heauen and we can poure on him,
I long to breake my speare vpon his cress,
And proue the waight of his victorious armes
For same I feare hath bene too prodigall
In sounding through the world his partiall praise.
Soul, Gapolin, hast thou surnaid our powers.
Cap. Great Emperours of Egypt and Arabia,
The number of your hostes united is,
A hundred and fifty thousand horse.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Two hundred thousand foot, brave men at armes
Couragious, and full of hardinesse:
As frolike as the hunters in the chase
Of savage beasts amid the desert woods,

Arab. My mind presageth fortunate successe,
And tamburlaine, my spirite doth foresee
The better ruine of thy men and thee.

Soul. Then reare your Standerds, let your sounding
Drummes

Direct our Souldiours to Damascus walles,
Now tamburlaine the mightie Souldane comes,
And leads with him the great Arabian King,
To dim thy basenesse and obscurity:

Famous for nothing but for theft and spoyle:
To raze and scatter thy inglorious crew
Of Scythians and slavish Persians. Exeunt

Act 4. Scena 5.

The banquet, and to it cometh Tamberlaine al
in scarlet, theridamas, techelles, Vsumcasane, the
turke, with others.
tamb.

Now hang our bloody Colours by Damascus,
Reflexing bewes of blood upon their heads,
While they walke quivering on their citie
walles,

Haste dead for feare, before they feelee my wrath:
Then let vs freely banquet and carouse
Full bowles of wine unto the God of war,

That

the Scythian Shepherd,

That means to fill your helmets full of golde
And make Damascus spoyle as rich to you,
As was to Iason Colchos golden fleece:
And now Baiazeth, hast thou any stomacke?

Bai. I, such a stomack (cruel tamburlaine) as I
Willingly feed vpon thy blood-rav heart. (could
ramb. Nay, thine swyre is easier to come by, pluck
out that,

And twill serue thee and thy wife: Wel Zenocate,
techelles, and the rest, fall to your victuals:

Bai. Fall to, and neuer may your meat digest:
Ye Furies that can walke inuisible,
Dine to the bottome of Auernas pool,
And in your hands bring hellish poyson vp,
And squeale it in the cup of tamburlaine:
Oz winged Snakes of Lerna cast your stings,
And leaue your venoms in this tyrants dish.

Zab. And may this banquet proue as ominous,
As Prognos to th'adulterous Thracian King,
That fed vpon the substance of his child.

Zen. My Lord, how can you suffer these outrageous
curses by these slaues of yours:

ram. To let them see, diuine Zenocrate,
I glorie in the curses of my foes:
Hauiug the power from the imperiall heauen,
To turne them all vpon their proper heades.

tech. I pray you giue them leaue Madam, this
speech is a good refreshing to them.

ther. But if his Highnesse would let them bee fed,
it would do them more good.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

cam. Sirra, why fall ye not too, are you so vainly
brought up, you cannot not eat your owne flesh?

Ba. First legions of devils shal teare thee in peeces.

Vsu. Villain, knowest thou to whom thou speakest.

cam. O let him alone there, eat sir, take it from my
swoydes point, or Ile thrust it to thy heart.

He takes it and stamps vpon it.

ther. He stamps it vnder his feet, my Lord.

cam. Take it by Villaine, and eat it, or I will make
thee slice the brawnes of thy armes into carbonadoes,
and eat them.

Vsum. Nay, twere better he kild his wife, & then
she shall be sure not to be staru'd, & he be provided for a
moneths victuall befoze hand.

cam. Here is my dagger, dispatch her while she is
fat, for if she liue but a while longer, she will fall into a
consumption with fretting, and then shee will not bee
worth the eating.

ther. Doest thou think that mahomet wil suffer this
tech. Tis like he wil, when he cannot let it.

cam. Go to, sal to your meat: what not a bit: belike
he hath not been waited to day: giue him some drinke.

They giue him water to drinke, and
he flings it on the ground.

Fast and welcome sir, while hunger make you eat:

How now Zenocrate, doeth not the Turke and his
wife make a goodly show at a banquet?

Zen. Yes, my Lord:

ther. He thinks tis a great deal better then a con-
sort of musicke,

cam.

the Scythian Shepheard.

ram. Yet musick would doe well to cheare thy Zenocrate: pray thee tell, why art thou so sad? If thou wilt haue a song, the Turke shall straine his voyce: but why is it?

Zen. My Lord to see my fathers towne besieged,
The country wasted where my selfe was borne:
How can it but afflict my very soule?
If any loue remaine in you, my Lord,
Or if my loue vnto your maiesty
May merit fauour at your highnesse hands,
Then raise your siege from faire Damascus walled,
And with my father take a friendly cruce:

ram. Zenocrate, were Egypt Ioues owne land,
Yet would I with my sword make Ioue to stand,
I will confute those blind Geographers
That make a triple region in the world,
Excluding regions which I meane to trace,
And with this pen reduce them to a map,
Calling the prouinces, citties, and townes,
After my name and thine Zenocrate:
Here at Damascus will I make the point
That shall begin the perpendicular.
And wouldst thou haue me buy thy fathers loue
With such a losse? Tel me Zenocrate.

Zen. Honor wil wait on happy ramburlain,
Yet giue me leaue to plead for him my Lord,

ram. Content thy selfe, his person shall be safe,
And all the friendes of faire Zenocrate,
If with their liues, they will be please to yeeld.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

O may beforc'd to make me Emperour:

For Egypt and Arabia must be mine.

Feed you slave, thou maist thinke thy selfe happy to be
fed from my trencher.

Bai. My empty stomack full of tole heat,
Drawes bloody humors from my feeble parts,
Preseruing life, by hastening cruell death:
My vaines are pale, my sinewes hard and drie,
My ioynts be numb'd, vnlesse I eat I die.

Zab. Eat Baiazeth, Let vs liue in spite of them,
Looking some happy power will pittie and enlarge vs
eare, Were Turk, wilt thou haue a clean trencher?

Bai. I tyrant, and more meat.

eare. Soft sir, you must be dieted, too much eating
will make you surfet:

ther. So it would my Lord, especially hauing so
small a walk, and so little exercise.

Enter a second course of Crownes.

eare. Theridimas, Techelles and Casane, here are
the cates you desire to singe, are they not?

ther. I (my Lord) but none saue Kinges must feede
with these.

tech. 'Tis enough for vs to see them, and for Tam-
burlaine only to enioy them.

eare. Well, here is now to the Souldane of Egypt,
the King of Arabia, and the Gouernour of Damascus,
Nowe take these three crownes, and pledge me my
contributoy Kinges.

the Scythian Shephcard.

I crowne you here (theridimas) king of Argier,
sechelles King of Fesse, & Vsumcasane King of Mo-
rocos. How say yo to this (Turke) these are not your
contributorie kings.

Bai. Noz shal they long be thine, I warrant them,
tam. Kings of Argier, Morocus, and of Fesse.
You that haue marche with happy tamburlaine,
As far as from the frozen place of heauen.
Unto the watry moznings ruddy bower.
And thence by land unto the Torrid zone,
Deserue these tytles I endow you with.
By value and by magnamity.

Your byrthes shal be no blemish to your fame.
For vertue is the fount whence honoz springs.
And they are worthy: the inuesteth kings.

ther. And since your highnesse hath so wel boucht
If we deserue them not with higher meeds
Then erst our states and actions haue retain'd,
Take them away and make vs slaues.

tam. Wel said theridimas, when holy Fates,
Shal stablish me in strong Egyptia,
We mean to traueyle to th'Antartique Pole,
Conquering the people vnderneath our feet,
And be renown'd, as neuer Emperours were.
Zenocrate, I will not crowne thee yet,
Untill with greater honozs I be grac'd.

Finis Actus quarri,

Actus, 5, Scena, 1

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

The Gouvernour of Damasco, with three or foure
Citizens, and four virgins with branches
of Laurel in their hands,

Gouvernor:

Sell doth this man, or rather God of war.
Batter our walles, and beat our Turrets down
And to resist with longer stubbornesse,
Or hope of rescue from the Souldans power,
Were but to bring our wilfull overthrow.
And make vs desperate of our threatened liues:
We see his tentes haue now bene altered,
With terrours to the last and cruellst hew,
His cole-blacke countenours euery where aduaukt,
Threaten our citie with a general spoyle:
And if we should with common rites of Armes,
Offer our fates to his clemency,
I feare the custome proper to his sword,
Which he obserues as parcel of his fame,
Intending so to terrifie the world,
By any innovation or remouel:
Will neuer be dispenc'd with till our death:
Therefore, for these our harmlesse Virgines sake,
Whose honors, and whose liues relie on him,
Let vs haue hope that their vnspotted prayers,
Their blubbered cheekes, and hartie humble moones
Will melt his furie into some remouel,
And vse vs like a louing Conquerour.

Virg. If humble suites or imprecations
(Uttered with teares of wretchednesse and blood,
Shed from the heads and hearts of all our Sere,

Some

the Scythian Shepherd.

Some made your wiues, and some your children)
Might haue entreated your obdurate breasts,
To enterteine some care of our securities,
Whiles only danger beat vpon our walles,
These more then dangerous warraunts of our death,
Had neuer bene erected as they be,
Nor you depend on such weake helps as we.

Go. Wel, louely Virgins, think our countries care
Our loue of honor, loth to be enthal'd
To sovraine powers, and rough imperious pokes,
Would not with too much cowardize or feare,
Before all hope of rescue were denied,
Submit your selues and vs to seruitude:
Therefore in that your salties and our owne,
Your honors, liberties, and liues were weigh'd
In equall care and ballance with our owne,
Endure as we the malice of our starres,
The wrath of ramburlaine, and power of warres,
Or be the means the ouerweighing heauens,
Haue kept to qualifie these hot extreames,
And bring vs pardon in your chearful looks.

2 Virg. Then here before the maiestie of heauen,
And holy Patrones of Egyptia,
With knees and hartes submissiue we intreat,
Grace to our words and pity to our looks.
That this deuise may prooue propitious,
And through the eyes and eares of ramburlaine,
Conuay euents of mercy to his heart,
Grant that these signes of victorie we peeld,
May bind the temples of his conquering head,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

To hide the folded furrowes of his browes,
And shadow his displeased countenance,
With happy lookes of ruth and lenitie,
Leaue vs my Lord, and louing countrymen,
What simple Virgins may perswade, we will.

Go. Farewel (sweet Virgins) on whose safe return
Depends our citie, libertie, and liues. **Exeunt.**

Act 5. Scena 3.

Tamburlaine, techelles, theridimas, Vsumcasane,
with others, Tamburlaine all in blacke
and very melancholic.

tamb.

What, are the Turtles fraide out of their
neastes?

Alas poore fools, must you be first that feel
The sworne destruction of Damascus,

They know my custome: could they not as wel
Haue sent ye out, when first my milk-white flags
Through which sweet mercy threw her gentle beames
Reflecting them on your disdainfull eyes,
As now when furie and incensed hate
Flings slaughtering terrour from my coleblack tent,
And tels for truth submissions come too late.

1. Virg. Most happy king & Emperour of the earth,
Image of honoꝝ and nobility,
For whome the powers diuine haue made the world,
And on whose throne the holy Graces sit,
As whose sweet person is compriz'd the sum

of

the Scythian Shephard.

Of Natures skill and heauenly Maiesty
Pittie our plights, O pittie pooze Damascus,
Pittie olde age, within whose siluer haires
Honoz and reuerence euermore haue raig'n'd,
Pittie the mariage bed, where many a Lord
In prime and glozy of his louing ioy
Embraceh now with teares of ruth and blood,
The iealous body of his fearfull wife,
Whose cheekes and hearts so punish't with conceit,
To think thy puissant neuer stay'd arme
Will part their bodies, and pzeuent their soules
From heauens of comfozt, yet their age might beare,
Now ware al pale, and withered to the death
As well for grieffe our ruthlesse Gouvernour
Hath thus refus'd the mercy of thy hand,
(Whose scepter Angels kisse, and Furies dread)
As for their liberties, their lones or liues,
O then, for these, and such as we our selues,
For vs, for Infancs, and for all our bloods.
That neuer nourish thought against thy rule:
Pittie, O pity (sacred Emperour)
The prostrate seruice of this wretched towne,
And take in signe therof this gilded wreath,
Whereto each man of rule hath giuen his hand,
And wish as worthy subiectes happy meanes,
To be trustees of thy royall browes,
Euen with the true Egyptian Diadem.

cam. Virgins, in vaine ye labour to pzeuent
That which mine honoz sweares shal be perform'd:
Behold my sword, what see you at the point;

Virg.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine;

Virg. Nothing but feare and fatal Steele, my Lord,
tam. Your fearful minds are thicke & mysty then,
For there sits Death, there sits imperious Death,
Reeking his circuit by the slicing edge.
But I am pleasoe you shall not see him there,
He now is seated on my horsmens speares,
And on their points his fleshlesse body feeds.
Techelles, straighe goe charge a few of them
To charge these dames, and shew my seruant Death
Sitting in scarlet on their armed speares.

Omnes. O pitie vs.

tam. Away with them I say and shew them death
They take them away.

I will not spare these proud Egyptians,
Nor change my martial obseruations,
For ~~the~~ wealth of Gehons golden waues,
Or for the loue of Venus, would she leaue.
The angry God of Armes, and lie with me:
They haue refusoe the offer of their liues,
And know my customes are as peremptorie,
As wrathfull Planets, death, or destinie:

Enter Techelles,

What haue your horsmen shewen the virgins Death?
tech. They haue my Lord, and on Damascus wals
Haue hoisted vp their slaughtered carkasses.

tam. A sight as banefull to their soules I thinke
As are Thessalian druggs or Nithadate.
But goe my Lords, put the rest to the sword. Exeunt
My faire Zenocrate, diuine Zenocrate,
Fair is too soule an Epithite for thee,

That

the Scythian Shepherd.

That in thy passion for thy countries loue,
And feare to see thy kingly fathers harme,
With haire discheueld wip'st thy watery cheekes
And like to Flora in her mornings pride,
Shaking her siluer tresses, in the aire,
Raining on the earth resolved pearle in showers,
And sprinklest Sapphys on thy shining face,
Where beauty, mother to the Muses sits,
And comments vollumes with her puorie pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes,
Eyes when that Ebena steps to heauen,
In silence of thy solenne Euenings wike,
making the mantle of the richest night,
The Moone, the Planets, and the meteors light,
There Angels in their christall armours fight,
A doubtfull battel with my tempted thoughtes,
For Egypts freedome and the Souldans life:
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorowes lay more siege vnto my soule,
Then all my Army to Damascus walles.
And neither Persians Soueraigne, nor the Turke
Troubled my senses with conceit of foyle,
So much by much, as doeth Zenocrate:
What is beauty saith my sufferings then?
If all the pens that euer Poets held,
Had fed the feeling of their Maisters thoughts,
And euery sweetnesse that inspir'd their hearts,
Their minds and muses on admired themes,
If all the heauenly Quintessence they still
From their immortall flowers of Poetrie,

Aljerci

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Wherein as in a mirrour we perceiue,
The highest reaches of a humane wit,
If these had made one Poems period
And all combin'd in Beauties worthinesse,
Yet should there houer in their restless heads,
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,
Which into wordes no vertue can digest:
But how vnseemly is it for my sexe,
My discipline of Armes and chivalry,
My nature and the terrour of my name,
To haue thoughts effeminate and faint?
Haue only that in Beauties inst applause
With whose instinct the soule of man is toucht
And euery warriour that is rapt with loue,
Of fame, of valour, and of victorie,
Must needs haue beantie beat on his conceites,
I thus conceiuing and subduing both,
That which hath stoppt the tempest of the Gods,
Euen from the spangled fire ball of heauen,
To feele the louely warmth of shepherdes flames,
And march in cottages of strowed weeds:
Shall giue the world to note for all my byzth,
That vertue solely is the sum of glorie,
And fashions men with true nobilitie.
Who's within there?

enter two or three.

Hath Baiazeth bene fed to day?

An. Y, my Lord.

cam. Bring him forth, and let vs know if the town
be ransackt.

enter

the Scythian Shepheard.

Enter techelles, theridimas, Vsumca-
fane, with others.

tech. The towne is ours my Lord. and fresh sup-
ply of conquest, and of spoyle is offered vs.

tam. That's well techelles, what's the newest?

tech. The Souldane and the Arabian king toge-
ther march on vs with such eager violence.

As if there were no way but one with vs.

tam. No more there is not I warrant thee techelles,
they bring in the turke,

ther. We know the victorie is ours my Lord,
But let vs saue the reuerent Souldans life
For fair Zenocrate, that so laments his state.

tam. That will we chiefly see vnto theridamas,
For sweet zenocrate, whose worthinesse
Deserues a conquest ouer enery heart:

And now my footstool, if I loose the field,
You hope of libertie and restitution:

Here let him stay my maisters from the tents,

Till we haue made vs ready for the field:

Pray for vs Baiazeth, we are going.

exeunt

Bai. Goe, neuer to retorne with victorie,
Millions of men encompasse thee about,
And gaze thy body with as many wounds,
Sharp forked arrowes light vpon thy horses
Furcs from the blacke Cocitus lake,
Breake vp the earth, and with their firebrands
Enforce thee run vpon the banefull pikes:
Halleges of shot pierce through thy charmed skin.

Ans

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

And every bullet dipt in paysoned drugs,
O roaring Canons seuer all thy ioynees:
Making thee mount as high as Eagles soare:

• Zab. Let all the Swozdes and Lances in the field
Sticke in his breast, as in their proper roomes,
At euery poze let blood come dropping forth,
That lingring paines may massacre his heart,
And madnesse send his damned soule to hell.

Bai. Ah faire Zabina, we may curse his power,
The heauens may frowne, the earth for anger quake,
But such a star hath influence in his swozd,
As rules the Skies, and countermaunds the Gods
More then Cymmerian Styx or Destiny:
And then shal we in this detested gulf,
With shame with hunger, and with horroz ay
Crypping our bowels with retorqued thoughtes,
And haue no hope to end our extasies.

Zab. Then is there left no Mahomet, no God
No fiend, no fortune, nor no hope of end
To our infamous monstrous slauieries:
Gape earth, and let the fiends infernall view,
As hell, as hopelesse, and as full of fear
As are the blasted banks of Erebus:
Where shaking ghosts with euer howling groanes,
Hauer about the ugly ferriman, to get a passage to elij
Why shuld we liue, O wretches, beggers slaues (sic)
Why liue we Baiazeth, and build vp nests,
So high within the region of the aire,
By liuing long in this oppression,
That all the world will see and laugh to scozne,

The

the Seythian Shephard.

The former triumphs of our mightinesse
In this obscure infernall seruitude:

Bai. O life more loathsome to my vered thought.
Then nopsome parbreake of the Sygian Snakes,
Which fills the nookes of hell with stanning aire,
Infecting all the ghostes with curelesse griefs,
O dreary engines of my loathed sight,
That sees my Crowne, my honoz and my name
Thrust under poke and chyalme of a cheefe:
Why feed ye still on daies accursed beames,
And sink not quite into my tortur'd soule,
You see my wife, my Queen and Emperesse,
Brought vp and propped by the hand of shame,
Queene of fiftene contributory Queenes,
Now throwne to rowines of black abiection,
Smeared with blot of basest vndergery:
And villanesse to shame, disdain and misery:
Accursed Baiazeth, whose words of ruth,
That would with pity cheare Zabina's heart:
And make our soules resolute in ceaselesse teares,
Sharp hunger bites vpon and gripes the roat:
From whence the faines of my thoughts do breake,
O poore Zabina, O my Queene, my Queene,
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,
To coole and comfort me with longer date,
That in the shortened sequele of my life,
I may poure forth my soule into thine armes
With wordes of loue: whose moaning entercourse
Hath heether bin staie, with wrath and hate,
Of our expresse haps afflictious.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine;

Zab. Sweet Baiazeth, I will prolong thy life,
As long as any blood or sparke of breath
Can quench or coole the torments of my griefe.

She goes out.

Bai. Now Baiazeth, abridge thy banefull dayes,
And beat the braines out of thy conquer'd head,
Since other meanes are all forbidden mee,
That may be ministers of my decay.
O highest Lamp of everliuing loue,
Accursed day infected with my griefes,
Hide now thy stayned face in endlesse night,
And shut the windowes of the lightsome heauens,
Let vgly darkenesse with her rusty coach
Engyre with tempests wzapt in pitchy cloudes,
Smother the earth with neuer fading mists:
And let her horses from their nostrils breathe
Rebellious winde and dreadfull thunderclaps,
That in this terror tamburlaine may liue:
And my pin'd soule resolu'd in liquid ayre,
May still excruciate his tormented thoughts.
Then let the stonie dart of sencelesse cold
Pierce through the center of my withered heart,
And make a passage for my loathed life.

He braines himselfe against the cage.

enter Zabina.

Zab. What do mine eyes behold, my husband dead?
His skull all riuen in twaine, his braines dasht out:
The braines of Baiazeth, my Lord and Soueraigne.

Oh

the Scythian Shepheard

O Baiazeth, my husband, and my Lord,
O Baiazeth, O Turke, O Emperour, give him his
liquor, not I, bring milke and fire, and my blood I
bring him again, teare me in peeces, give me the sword
with a ball of wildfire vpon it. Downe with him, downe
with him. Goe to my child, away, away, away: Ah saue
that infant, saue him, saue him: I, euen I speak to her
the sun was downe. Streamers white, red black, here
here, here. Fling the meate in his face. ramburlaine,
ramburlaine, Hell make ready my coach, my chaire,
my iewels, I come, I come.

She runs against the cage & brains her selfe,

zenocrate with Anippe.

Wretched Zenocate, that liuest to see
Damascus walled vp with Egyptian blood,
Thy fathers subiects and thy countymen:
Thy streets strowed with disseuered ioynts of men,
And wounded bodies gasping yet for life,
But most accurst, to see the sunbright troope
Of heauenly virgins and vnspotted maides,
Whose looks might make the angrie God of armes,
To brake his sword, and mildly treat of toure,
On hozsmens Lances to be hoisted vp,
And guiltlesly endure a cruell death.
For every fell and stout Tartarian Steed,
That stamp on others with their thundering hooves
When as their riders chardg'd their quivering spears
Began to checke the ground, and take themselves,

E

Gazing

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Gazing upon the beautie of their lookes:
Ah tamburlaine, wert thou the cause of this,
That tearm'd Zenocrate thy dearest loue:
Whose liues were deater to Zenocrate,
Then her owne life, or ought saue thine owne loue,
But see another bloody spectacle,
Ah wretched eyes, the enemies of my heart,
How are ye gluttied with these grienous obiectes,
And tell my soule more tales of bleeding ruthe?
See, see Anippe, if they breath or no. (both,

Anip. No breath, nor sence, nor motion in them
Ah Madam, this their slavery hath enforc'd,
And ruthlesse cruelty of tamburlaine.

Zen. Earth call by fountaines from thine entrals,
And wet thy cheeks for their vntimely deaths,
Shake with their waight in signe of seare and griefe,
Blush heauen that gaue them honoz at their birth,
And let them die a death so barbarous.

Those that are proud of sickle Emperie,
And place their chiefest good in earthly pompe,
Behold the Turke and his great Emperesse,
Ah tamburlaine, my loue, sweet tamburlaine,
That fightest for Scepters, and for slippery crownes,
Behold the Turke and his great Emperesse,
Thou that in conduct of thy happy stars,
Sleep'st euery night with conquest on thy browes.
And yet wouldst thou the murthering turnes of warren,
In feare and feeling of the like distresse,
Behold the Turke and his great Emperesse,
Ah mighty loue and holy Mahomet,

Parton

the Scythian Shepherd.

Pardon my Loue, oh pardon his contempt
Of earthly fortune, and respect of pittie,
And let not conquest ruthlesly pursue,
Be equally against his life incens'd,
In this great Turke and haplesse Emperesse:
And pardon me, that was not mou'd with ruth,
To see them liue so long in miserie:
Oh what may chance to thee Zenocate?

Anip, Madam, content your selfe, and be resolu'd,
Your Loue hath fortune so at his command,
That she shal stay, and turne her wheele no more,
As long as life maintaines his mighty arme,
That fights for honour to adorne your head:

Enter a Messenger.

(mus?)

Zen. What other heauynewas now brings Phil-

Phi. Madam, your father, and th' Arabian king,

The first affecter of your excellence,
Comes now as Turnus gainst Eneas did,
Armed with Lance into the Egyptian fields,
Ready for battell gainst my Lord the King.

Zen. Now shame and dutie, loue & feare presents
A thousand sorowes to my martyred soule,
Whom should I wish the fatall victorie,
When my poore pleasures are deuic'd thus,
And rackt by duty from my cursed heart,
My father and my first betrothed loue,
Must fight against my life and present loue:
Wherein the change I vse condemns my faith,
And makes my deeds infamous through the world:
But as the Gods to end the Trojans toyle,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Prevented Turnus of Lauinia:
And fatally enricht Eneas loue,
So for a small Issue to my griefes,
To pacifie my country and my loue,
Must tamburlaine by their resistlesse powers,
With vertue of a gentle victorie,
Conclude a league of honoz to my hope:
Then as the powers diuine haue preordain'd
With happy fate of my fathers life,
Send like defence of faire Arabia.

They sound to the battell, and Tamburlaine
enioyes the victorie, after Arabia
enters wounded.

Ar. ^{(hands} What cursed power guides the murdering
Of this infamous tyrants souldiours,
That no escape may saue their enemies:
Nor Fortune keep themselves from victorie.
I y downe Arabia wounded to the death,
And let Zenocrates faire eyes behold
That as for her thou bear'st these wretched armes,
Euen so for her thou diest in these armes,
Leauing thy blood for witnessse of thy loue.

Zen. To beare a witnessse for such loue my Lord,
Behold Zenocrate, the cursed obiect
Whose fortunes neuer mastered her griefes:
Behold her wounded in conceit for thee,
As much as thy faire body is for me.

Ar. Then shall I die with full contented hearts
Dying

the Scythian Shepherd,

Having beheld diuine Zenocrate,
Whose sight with ioy would take away my life,
As now it bringeth sweetnesse to my wound,
If I had not bene wounded as I am,
Ah that the deadly panges I suffer now,
Would lend an howers license to my tongue,
To make discourse of some sweet accidents
Haue chanc'd thy merits in this worthlesse bondage,
And that I might be priuy to the state,
Of thy deseru'd contentment and thy loue:
But making now a vertue of thy sight,
To drive ail sorrow from my fainting soule,
Since death denies me further cause of ioy,
Depriu'd of care, my heart with comfort dies,
Since thy desired hand shall close mine eyes.

Enter Tamburlaine leading the Souldane, techelles,
theridimas, Vsumcasane, with others.

ram. Come happy father of Zenocrate,
A title higher than thy Souldanes name:
Though my right hand hath thus inbrall'd thee
Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free.
She that hath calm'd the fury of my sword,
Which had ere this bin bath'd in streams of blood,
As vast and deep as Euphrates or Nile.

Zen. O sight thise welcome to my ioyfull soule,
To see the King my father issue safe
From dangerous battel of my conquering loue.

Soul. Well met my only deare Zenocrate,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Though with the losse of Egypt and my crowne,
I am. Twas I my Lord, that gat the victorie,
And therefore grieve not at your overthrow:
Since I shall render all into your hands,
And ad more strength to your dominions
Then euer yet confirm'd th' Egyptian crowne.
The God of war resignes his rowme to me,
Meaning to make me Generall of the world,
Ioue viewing me in armes, lookes pale and wan,
Fearing my power shall pull him from his throne.
Where ere I come the fatall sisters sweare,
And grieufully death by running to and fro,
To doe their ceaselesse homage to my sword:
And here in Affrick where it seldome raines.
Since I arriu'd with my triumphant hoste,
Haue swelling cloudes drawne from wide gasping
woundes.

Bene oft resolu'd in bloody purple showers,
A meteor that might terrifie the earth,
And make it quake at euery drop it drinkes.
Millions of soules sit on the bankes of Styx,
Waiting the back returne of Charons boate,
Hell and Elisian swarme with ghosts of men,
That I haue sent from sundry foughten fields,
To spread my fame through hel, and vp to heauen:
And see, my Lord, a sight of strange import,
Emperours and kings lie breathlesse at my feet,
The Turke and his great Emperesse, as it seemes,
Left to themselves while we were at the fight,
Haue desperately dispatcht their flauish lines,

With

the Scythian Shepherd.

With them Arabia too hath left his life;
All lightes of power to grace my victorie;
And such are objects fit for Tamburlaine,
Wherein as in a mirrour may be seene,
His honoz, that consists in shedding blood,
When men presume to manage armes with him.

Soul. Might hath God and Mahomet made thy
hand.

(Renowned Tamburlaine) to whom all kings
Of force must yeeld their crownes and Imperies,
And I am pleasde with this my ouerthrow,
If as be seemes a person of thy state,
Thou hast with honour vsde Zenocrate.

Tam. Her state and person wants no pomp you see;
And for all blot of soule in chastitie,
I record heauen, her heauenly selfe is cleare.
Then let me find no further time to grace
Her princelie temples with the Persian crowne;
But here these Kings that on my fortunes wayte,
And haue bene crown'd for proued worthinesse,
Euen by this hand that shall establish them,
Shal now, adioyning all their hands with mine,
Inuest her here my Queene of Persia.

What saith the noble Souldane and Zenocrate?

Soul. I yeeld with thanks and protestations
Of endlesse honour to thee for her loue.

Tam. Then doubt not I but faire Zenocrate
Will soone consent to satisfie vs both.

Zen. Els should I much forget my selfe my Lord,

the,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine;

ther. Then let vs set the crowne vpon her head,
That long hath lingred for so high a seat.

tech. My hand is ready to perforce the deed,
For now her marriage time shall worke vs rest.

Vsum. And here's the crowne, my Lorde, helpe,
set it on.

tamb. Then sit thou downe (diuine Zenocrate)
And here we crowne thee Queene of Persia,
And all the kingdomes and dominions
That late the power of tamburlaine subdu'de,
As Iuno, when the Gyants were suppress'd,
That darted mountaines at her brother Ioue,
So lookes my loue, shadowing in her browes
Triumphes and Trophies for my victories:
O as Latonas daughter bent to armes,
Adding more courage to my conquering mind,
To gratifie the sweet zenocrate,
Egyptians, Moors, and men of Asia,
From Barbarie vnto the Westerne Indie,
Shall pay a peerly tribute to thy Sire.
And from the boundes of Affricke to the banks
Of Ganges, shall his mightie arme extend.
And now my Lordes and louing followers,
That purchac'd kingdomes by you martiall deeds,
Cast off your armour, put on scarlet robes,
Mount vpon your royall places of estate,
Enuironed with troopes of noble men,
And there make lawes to rule your prouinces,
Hang vpon your weapons on Alcides poste,
For tamburlaine takes truce with all the world.

Thy

the Scythian Shepheard.

Thy first betrothed Loue Arabia,
Shall we with honor(as be seemes)entombe
With this great Turke, and his faire Emperesse,
Then after all these solemne Exequies,
We will our celebrated rites of mariage solemnize,

Finis Actus quinti & vltimi huius
primi partis.





THE SECOND PART OF
The bloody conquests

of mighty Tamburlaine.

**With his impassionate fury, for the death of
his Lady & loue, faire Zenocrate: his form of ex-
hortation and discipline to his three sons,
and the manner of his owne death.**

The Prologue.

THe generall welcoms Tamburlaine receiv'd,
When he arriv'd last vpon our stage,
Hath made our Poet pen his second part,
wher death cuts off the progresse of his pompe
And mudrous Fates throwes all his triumphs downe.
But what became of faire Zenocrate,
And with how manie cities sacrifice
He celebrated her said funerall,
Himselfe in presence shall unfold at at large.

Actus 1 Scena 1.

**Orcanes, king of Natolia, Gazellus, vice-roy of By-
zon, Vpibassa, and their traine, with
drums and trumpets,**

Orcanes,

Egregious Viceroyes of these Easterne partes,
Plac'd by the issue of great Baiazeth:
And sacred Lord the mighty Calapine,
Who liues in Egypt, prisoner to that flame,

Which

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Which kept his father in an yron cage,
Now haue we marcht from faire Natolia
Two hundred leagues, and on Danubius banks
Our warlike hoste in complete armour rest,
Where Sigismond the king of Hungarie
Should meet our person to conclude a truce.
What, shal we parle with the Christian?
O, crosse the streame, and meet him in the field.

Byr. King of Natolia, let vs treat of peace,
We all are glutted with the Christians blood,
And haue a greater foe to fight against,
Proud Tamburlaine that now in Asia,
Hers Guyrons head both set his conquering feet,
And means to sire Turky as he goes:
Gainst him my Lord must you addresse your power,
Vpibass. Besides, king Sigismond hath brought
from Chyistendome,

More then his camp of stout Hungarians,
Slauonians, Almans Rutters, Pusses, and Danes,
That with the Halberd, Lance, and murthering axe,
Will hazard that we might with surety hold,
Though from the shortest Northren Paralell,
Ust Grantland compass with the frozen sea,
Inhabited with tall and sturdy men,
Gyants as big as bugie Polipheme:
Millions of Souldiours out the Articke line,
Bringing the strength of Europe to these Armes.
Our Turky blades shal glide through al their throtes,
And make this champion mead a bloody fen,
Danubius streame that runs to Trebizon,

Shal

The Scythian Shephard,

Shall carie waape within his scarlet waues,
As martiall presents to our friends at home,
The slaughtered bodie of these Christians.
The Terrene maine wherin Danubius falls,
Shall by this battell be the bloody Sea,
The wandring sailers of proud Italie,
Shall meet those Christians fleeing with the tyde,
Beating in heapes against their Argosies,
And make faire Europe mounted on her Bull
Trapt with the wealth and riches of the world,
Slight and weare a wofull mourning weed,
Byr, Pet stout Orcanes, Prouer of the world,
Since tamburlaine hath mustred all his men,
Marching from Cairen northward with his campe,
To Alexandria and the frontier townes,
Meaning to make a conquest of our land,
Tis requisite to parle for a peace
With Sigismund the king of Hungary:
And saue our forces for the hot assaults
Proud tamburlaine intends Natolia,

Orc. Viceroy of Byron, wisely hast thou said,
My realme the Center of our Emperie
Once lost, all Turkie would be ouerthrowne,
And for that cause the Christians shall haue peace.
Slauonians, Almans, Rutters, Pusses & Danes,
Feare not Orcanes, but great tamburlaine,
Nor he, but Fortune that hath made him great.
We haue revolted Grecians, Albanes,
Cicilians, Jewes, Arabians, Turkes and Moores,
Natolians, Gozians, and black Egyptians,

Allic.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Fred. And we from Europe to the same intent.
 Ilirians, Thracians, and Bithynians;
 Enough to swallow forcelesse Sigismond,
 Yet scarce ynough t'encounter Tamburlaine,
 He brings a world of people to the field,
 From Scythia to the Orientall Place,
 Of India, where raging Lanchidol
 Beates on the Regions with his boisterous blowes,
 That neuer sea-man yet discovered:
 All Asia is Armes with Tamburlaine,
 Even from the midst of fiery Cancers Tropick,
 To Amazonia under Capricorne,
 And thence as far as Archipelago,
 All Affrick is in armes with Tamburlaine:
 Therfore Uiceroyes the Christians must haue peace.

Act 1. Scena 2,

Sigismond, Fredericke, Baldwine, and their traine,
 with drums, and trumpets.

ORcanes (as our Legates promise thee)
 We with our Peeres haue crost Danubius
 to treat of friendly peace or deadly war. (Ureame
 Take which thou wilt, for as the Romanes
 I here present thee with a naked sword, who
 While thou haue war then shake this blade at me,
 If peace, restore it to my hands againe,
 And I wil sheath it to confirme the same.

Orc. Stay Sigismond, forgetst thou I am he
 That with the Cannon shooke Vienna walles,

Any

the Seythian shephard,

And made it dance vpon the Continent:
As when the massie substance of the earth,
Quiuer about the Arietree of heauen:
Forgerst thou that I sent a shower of darts
Wingled with powdered shot and feathered Steele
So thick vpon the blink-ey'd Burghers heads,
That thou thy selfe, then Countie-Pallatine,
The king of Boheme, and the Austrich Duke
Sent Herald out, which basely on their knees
In all your names desir'd a truce of me?
Forgerst thou, that to haue me raise my siege,
Wagons of gold were set before my tent,
Stamp't with the Princely foule that in her wings
Carries the fearfull thunderbolts of Ioue,
How canst thou thinke of this and offer war?

Sigis. Vienna was besieg'd, and I was there,
Then Countie-Pallatine, but now a King:
And what we did was in extremitie,
But now Orcanes, view my royall house,
That hides these plaines, and seems as vast and wide
As doth the Desert of Arabia
To those that stand on Badgeths loftie tower,
Or as the Ocean to the Traueller,
That rests vpon the snowy Appenines:
And tell me whether I should stoop so low,
Or treat of peace with the Natolian king:
Byr. Kings of Natolia and of Hungary,
Came from Turkie to confirme a league,
And not to dare each other to the field.
A friendly parlie might become ye both,

Frederick

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Which if your Generall refuse or scozne,
Our tentes are pitcht, our men are in array,
Ready to charge you ere you stir your feet.

Nat. So prest are we, but yet if Sigismond
Speak as a friend, and stand not vpon tearmes,
Were his sword let peace be ratified,
On these conditions specified before,
Drawing with aduise of our ambassadors.

Sig. Then here I sheath it, & giue thee my hand,
Neuer to draw it out and manage armes
Against thy selfe or thy confederates,
But whilst I liue will be at truce with thee.

Nat. But Sigismond, confirme it with an oath,
And sweare in sight of heauen, and by thy Christ,

Sig. By him that made the world and sau'd my
soule,

The sonne of God, and issue of a maid,
Sweet Iesus Christ. I solemly protest
And vowe to keepe this peace inuolable.

Nat. By sacred Mahomet, the friend of God,
Whose holy Alcaron remaines with vs,
Whose glorious body when he left the world,
Clos'd in a coffin, mounted by the aire,
And hung on stately Mecas Temple roofe,
I sweare to keepe this truce inuolable,
Of whose conditions, and our solenne oathes
Sign'd with our hands, each shall retaine a scrowle
As memorabile witnesse of our league.
Now Sigismond, if any Christian King
Encroch vpon the confines of thy realme,

End

the Scythian Shepherd.

Send word, Or canes of Natolia
Confirm'd this league beyond Danubius streame,
And they will (trembling) sound a quicke retreat,
So am I fear'd among all Nations.

Sig. If any heathen Potentate or King,
Inuade Natolia Sigismond wil send
A hundred thousand horse train'd to the warre,
And backe with stout Lancers of Germanie,
The strength and sinewes of the imperiall seat.

Nat. I thank the Sigismond, but when I war
All Asia minor, Affrica and Greece
Follow my Standard and my thundring drummes,
Come let vs goe and banquet in our tents:
I will dispatch chiefe of my armie hence
To saire Natolia, and to Trebizon,
To stay my coming gainst proud Tamburlaine,
Friend Sigismond, and Peeres of Hungarie,
Come banquet and carrouse with vs a while,
And then depart we to our territories. Exeunt.

Actus. 1. Scena. 3

Callapine with Almeda, his keeper,

Callap.

Sweet Almeda, pittie the ruthfull plight
Of Callapine, the son of Baiazeth,
Borne to be Monarch of the Westerne world;
Yet here detain'd by cruell Tamburlaine.

Alm. My Lord, I pittie it, and wish my heart
With your release, but he whose wrath is death.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

My soueraigne Lord, renowned Tamburlaine,
Forbids you further libertie than this.

Cal. Ah were I now but halfe so eloquent
To paint in words what Ile performe in deeds,
I know thou wouldest depart from hence with me.

Al. Not for all Affrick: therefore mooue me not.

Cal. Yet heare me speak, my gentle Almeda.

Al. No speech to that end, by your fauour sir.

Cal. By Cario runs,

Al. No talke of running, I tel you sir.

Cal. A little further, gentle Almeda.

Al. Wel sir, what of this?

Cal. By Cario runs to Alexandria bay,
Darotes streames, wherein at anchoz lies
A Turkish Gallie of my royall fleet,
Waiting my comming to the riuer side,
Hoping by some means I shal be releast,
Which when I come aboord will hoist vp saile,
And soone put forth into the Terrene sea.
Where twixt the Isles of Cyprus and of Creet,
We quickly may in Turkish seas arriue.
Then shalt thou see an hundred kings and moze,
Upon their knees, all bid me welcome home.
Amongst so many Crownes of burnisht golde,
Choose which thou wilt, all are at thy command.
A thousand Gallies mann'd with Christian slaves,
I freely giue thee, which shal cut the straighes,
And bring Armados from the coasts of Spaine,
Fraughted with golde of rich America.
The Grecian virgins shal attend on thee,

the Scythian Shepherd;

Skilfull in musicke and in amorous laies,
As faire as was Pigmaliions Iustie gyffe,
Or louclie Io metamorphosed.
With naked Negroes shall thy coach be drawn,
And as thou rid'st in triumph through the streets,
The pavement vnderneath thy chariot wheelles,
With Turkie carpets shall be couered:
And cloath of Arras hung about the walles,
Fit objects for thy princelie eye to pierce.
A hundred Balloes cloath'd in crimson silke,
Shall ride before thee on Barbarian steeds,
And when thou goest, a golden Canapie,
Enchac'd with precious stones, which shine as bright
As that faire vail, that covers all the world,
When Phoebus leaping from his Hemisphere,
Descendeth downward to th'Antipodes.
And more than this, for all I cannot tell.

Al. How far hence lies the Gallie, say you?

Callap. Sweete Almeda, scarce halfe a league
from hence.

Al. But need we not be spied going aboard?

Callap. Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill,
And crooked bending of a craggy rocke,
The sailes wapt vp, the mast and tacklings downe,
She lies so close that none can find her out.

Al. I like that wel: but tel me my Lord, if I should
let you go, would you be as good as your word? Shall
I be made a king for my labour?

Cal. As I am Callapine the Emperour,
And by the hand of Mahomet I swear,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Thou shalt be crown'd a king, and be my mate,

Alm. Then here I swear, as I am Almeda,
Your Keeper under tamburlaine the great,
(For that's the stile and title I haue yet;)

Although he sent a thousand armed men,
To intercept this haughty enterprize,
Yet would I venture to conduct your Grace,
And die before I brought you backe againe.

Cal. Thanks, gentle Almeda, then let vs haste,
Least time be past, and lingring let vs both.

Alm. When you will my Lord, I am ready.

Callap. Euen straight: And farewell cursed
tamburlaine,

Now goe I to reuenge my fathers death. *Exeunt.*

Actus 1 Scena 4

Tamburlaine with zenocrate, and his three sonnes,
Calyphas, Amyras, and Celebinus, with
drummes and trumpets,

Tam.

Now bright Zenocrate, the worlds faire eie,
Whose beams illuminat the lamps of heauen,
Whose chearful lookes doe cleare the cloudy
And cloath it in a chrystal liuery, *(aire,*

Now rest thee here on faire Larissa plaines,

Where Egypt and the Turkish Empire partes,

Betweene thy sonnes that shall be Emperours,

And euery one commander of a worlde. *(armed.*

Zen. Sweet tamburlaine, whē wilt thou leaue these

The Scythian Shepherd

And saue thy sacred person free from scath,
And dangerous chances of the tozable war. (poles
cam. When heauen shall cease to moue on both the
And when the ground wheron my souldiours march
Shal rise aloft and touch the hoines Moone,
And not before, my sweet Zenocrate.
Sit vp and rest thee like a lovely Queen:
So, now she sits in pomp and maiesty,
When these my sonnes, more precious in mine eyes
Then al the wealthy kingdoms I subdude,
Plac'd by her side, looke on their mothers face,
But yet me thinks their looks are amorous,
Not martiall as the sonnes of ramburlaine:
Water and fire being symboliz'd in one,
Argue their want of courage and of wit,
Their haire as white as milk, as soft as Downe,
Which should be like the quilles of Porcupines,
As black as Ite, and hard as Iron or Steele;
Bewrayes they are too dainty for the warres.
Their fingers made to quater on a lute.
Their armes to hang about a Ladies necke.
Their legs to dance and caper in the ayre:
Would make me thinke them bastards, not my sonne,
But that I know they issued from thy wombe,
That neuer look'd on man but ramburlaine (looks,
When thy gracious Lord, they haue their mothers
But when they list their conquering fathers hearts
This lovely boy, the yongest of the three,
Not long agoe bestrode a Scythian steed:
Crotching the ring, and tilting at a gloue,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Which when he tainted with his slender rod,
He raisn'd him straight and made him so curvet,
As I cried out for feare he should haue falne,

cam. Wel done my boy, thou shalt haue shield and
Armour of proofe, horse, helme, & Curtle-are (lance,
And I will teach thee how to charge thy foe,
And harmlesse run among the deadly pikes.

If thou wilt loue the warres and follow me,
Thou shalt be made a King and raigne with me,
Keeping in yron cages Emperours,

If thou exceed thy elser brothers woozth,
And shine in compleat vertue moze then they:

Thou shalt be king before them, and thy seed
Shall issue crowned from their mothers wombe.

Cel. Yes father, you shall see me, if I liue,
Haue vnder me as many kings as you,
And march with such a multitude of men,
As all the world shall tremble at their view.

cam. These words assure me (boy) thou art my son,
When I am old, and cannot manage armies.
Be thou the scourge and terrour of the world.

Amy. Why may not I, my Lord, as wel as he,
Be train'd the scourge and terrour of the world,

cam. Be all a scourge and terrour to the world,
If you are not sons of tamburlaine.

Cel. But while my brothers follow armes my loz
Let me accompany my gracious mother,
They are ynough to conquer all the world,
And you haue won ynough for me to keep. (cloines,

cam. Bastardy boy, sprung from some apes and

the Scythian Shepherd.

And not the issue of great tumburlaine,
Of all the prouinces I haue subboud
Thou shalt not haue a foot, vntlesse thou beare
A mind corragious and inuincible.
For he shall weare the Crowne of Persia,
Whose head hath deepest scarres, whose breast most
woundes,

Which being wroth, sends lightning from his eyes,
And in the furrowes of his crowning browes,
Harbours reuenge, war, death and cruelty:
For in a field whose superfluities
Is couered with a liquid purple velle,
And sprinkled with the baines of slaughtered men,
My royal chaire of state shall be aduanc'd,
And he that meanes to place himselfe therein,
Must armed wade vp to the chin in blood.

Sen. My Lord, such speeches to our princely sonnes
Dismaies their mindes before they come to proofe.
The wounding troubles angrie war affords.

Cel. No madam these are speeches fit for vs,
For if his chaire were in a sea of blood,
I would prepare a ship and sayle to it,
Ere I would loose the cyle of a king.

Amy. And I would strue to swimme through
pooles of blood,

Or make a bidge of murdered Carkasses,
whose arches should be fram'd with bones of Turkes
Ere I would loose the title of a King.

iam. Well louely hopes, you shal be Emperors both,
Stretching your conquering armes from east to west.

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And Arrha, if you meane to weare a Crowne,
 When we shall meet the Turkish Deputie
 And all his Viceroyes, snatch it from his head,
 And cleave his Decoration with thy sword.

Cal. If any man will hold him, I will strike,
 And cleave him to the channell with my sword.
 Cam. Hold him, & cleave him too, or Ile cleave thee,
 For we will march against them presently,
 Theridimas, Techelles, and Casane
 Promise to meet me on Larissa plaines
 With holles apeece against this Turkish crew,
 For I haue sworne by sacred Mahomet,
 To make it parcell of my Empery.
 The trumpets sound, Zenocrate, they come,

Actus 1. Scena 5.

Enter Theridimas and his traine, with
 drums and trumpets.

cam.
Welcome theridimas, king of Argier,
 ther. My Lord, the great and mighty
 Tamburlaine,

Arch-monark of the world, I offer here,
 My crowne, my selfe, and all the power I haue,
 In all affection at thy kingly feet,

cam. Thanks good theridimas.
 ther. Under my colours march ten thousand
 And of Argier and Affricks frontier towns, (Greeks
 Twisse twentie thousand valiant men at armes,

the Scythian Shephard

All which haue sworn to sack Natolia:
Five hundred Bizzandines are under sayle,
Meet for your seruice on the sea, my Lord
That lanching from Argier to tripolie,
Will quickly ride before Natolia:
And batter downe the Castles on the shore.
cam. Wel said Argier, receiue thy Crowne againe.

Actus 1. Scena 6.

Enter Techelles, and Vsumcasane together.
cam.

Kings of Morocus and of Fesse, welcome.
Visu. Magnificent & peerlesse camburlaine,
I and my neighbor King of Fesse haue brought
To aid thee in this Turkish expedition.

A hundred thousand expert souldiours,
From Azainor to tunys neere the sea,
Is Barbaric vnpeopled for thy sake:
And all the men in armour vnder me,
Which with my crowne I gladly offer thee. (againe.)

cam. Thanks king of Morocus, take your crowne
tech. And mighty camburlaine, our earthly God,
Whose looks make this inferior world to quake,
I here present thee with the crowne of Fesse;
And with an hoste of Moazes train'd to the warres,
Whose coleblacke faces make their foes retire,
And quake for feare, as if infernall Ioue
Meaning to aide them in these Turkish armes,
Should pierce the blacke circumference of hells.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine;


With big Furies, bearing fiery flags,
And millions of his strong tormenting spirits,
From strong Tesella unto Biledull,
All Barbary is unpeopled for thy sake. (again,

ram. Thanks king of Fesse, take here thy crowne
Your presence (loving friends and fellow kings)
Makes me to surfet in conceiving top,
If all the Chypstall gates of Ioues high court,
Were opened wide, and I might enter in,
To see the state and maiesty of beauen,
It could not more delight me than your sight,
Now will we banquet on these plaines a while,
And after march to Turkey with our Campe,
In number more then are the drops that fall,
When Boreas rents a thousand swelling clouds,
And proud Orcanes of Natolia,
With all his Viceroyes shall be so affraid,
That though the stones, as at Deucalions flood,
Were turn'd to men, he should be overcome
Such lawth will I make of Turkish blood,
That Ioue shall send his winged Messenger
To bid me sheath my sword, and leaue the field,
The Sun vnable to sustaine the sight,
Shall hide his head in theis waterie lap,
And leaue his seeds to faire Bootes charges
For halfe the world shall perish in this fight
But now my friends, let me examine ye,
How haue ye spent your absent time from me?
Vsu. My Lord, our men of Barbary haue marche,
Four hundred miles with armour on their backs,

And

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the Scythian Shepherd:

And saue in leagre fifteen months and moer
For since we left you at the Souldans court,
We haue subdude the Southren Guallatia,
And all the land vnto the coast of Spaine:
We kepe the narrow straight of Gibraltar,
And made Canaria call vs Kings and Lordes
Yet neuer did they recreate themselves,
Or cease one day from war and hot alarmes,
And therfore let them rest a while, my Lord,
cam. they shal Casane, and tis time ysaith,
tech. And I haue marche along the riuer Nile,
To Machda, where the mighty Christian Priest
Cald Iohn the great, sits in a milke white robe,
Whose triple Pyter I did take by force,
And made him sweare obedience to my crowne,
From thence vnto Cazares did I march,
Where Amazonians met me in the field:
With whom (being women) I boundfast a league,
And with my power did march to Zanzibar
The Western part of Africke, where I view'd
The Ethiopian sea, rivers and lakes,
But neither man nor childe in all the lands
Therefore I took my course to Manico,
Where vnresisted, I remoou'd my campe,
And by the coast of Byather at last,
I came to Cubar, where the Negroes dwell,
And conquering that, made halt to Nubia,
There hauing sackt Borno the kingly seat,
I took the king, and lead him bound in chaines,
Unto Damasco, where I staid before



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cam. What done techelles, what saith cheridima
ther. I left the confines and the bounds of Africk,
And made a voyage into Europe,
Where by the river Tyros I subdude
Stoka, Padalia and Codemia.
Then cross the sea, and came to Oblia,
And Nigra Silva, where the devils dance,
Which in despite of them I set on fires
From thence I cross the gulf, call'd by the name
Mare Magiore, of the inhabitants:
Yet shall my Souldiers make no period
Untill Natolia kneele before your feet.

cam. Then wil we triumph, banquet and carouse
Cookes shall haue pensions to provide vs cates,
And glut vs with the dainties of the world,
Lachrima Christi and Calabrian wines
Shall common Souldiers drinke in quaffing bowles,
I, liquid gold when we haue conquer'd him,
Spingled with corall and with Orientall pearle
Come let vs banquet and carouse the whiles. Exeunt.

Finis Actus primi.

Actus 2. Scena 1.

Sigiswond, Fredericke, Baldwine,
With their traine.

Sigis.

Now say my Lords of Buda and Bohemia,
What motion is it that inflames your thoughts
And stirs your valours to such sanguine enterprises?

Fred.

the Seythian shephard.

Fred. Your Maiestie remembers I am sure,
That cruell slaughter of our Christian bloods;
These heathnish Turkes and Pagans lately made,
Betwixt the rittie Zula and Danubius,
How through the midst of Verna and Bulgaria
And almost to the very walles of Rome,
They haue not long since massacred our campe,
It resteth now then that your Maiestie
Take all advantages of time and power,
And worke reuenge vpon these Infidels:
Your highnesse knowes for tamburlaines repaire,
That strikes a terrour to all Turkish hearts,
Natolia hath dismissed the greatest part
Of all his Armie, pitcht against our power
Betwixt Cuthea and Orminius mount,
And sent them marching vp to Belgasar.
Acanthia, Antioch and Cesarea.
To aide the kings of Soria and Ierusalem,
Now then my Lord, aduantage take hereof
And issue suddenly vpon the rest,
That in the fortune of their ouerthrow,
We may discourage all the Pagan troope
That dare attempt to war with Christians.

Sig. But cal's not then your grace to memorie,
The league we lately made with King Orcanes
Confirm'd by oath and articles of peace,
And calling Christ for record of our truches?
This should be treachery and violence
Against the grace of our profession.

Bald. No why (my Lord) for with such Infidels,

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In whom no faith nor true religion rests,
We are not bound to those accomplishments
The holy lawes of Christendome enioyne:
But as the faith which they prophanely plight,
Is not by necessarie pollicie
To be esteem'd assurance for our selues,
So what we vow to them should not infringe
Our libertie of armes and victorie,

Sig. Though I confesse the othes they vnder take,
Speed little strength to our security,
Yet those infirmities that thus defame
Their faithes, their honours, and their religion,
Should not giue vs presumption to the like,
Our faiths are sound, and must be continuat,
Religious, righteous, and inuolate,

Fred. Assure your Grace tis superstition
To stand so strictly on dispensive faith,
And should we lose the opportunitie,
That God hath giuen to venge our Christians death,
And scourge their foule blasphemous Paganisme:
As fel to Saule, to Balaam, and the rest,
That would not kill and curse at Gods commaund,
So surely will the vengeance of the highest
And iealous anger of his fearful arme
Be pour'd with rigour on our sinful heads:
If we neglect this offered victorie.

Sig. Then arme my Lords, and issue suddenly,
Giuing commandement to our generall hoste,
With expedition to assaile the Pagan,
And take the victorie our God hath giuen. Exeunt.

Actus.

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the Seythian Shephard,

Actus 2 Scena 2.

Orcanes, Gazellus, Vribassa with their traines
Orcanes.

Gazellus, Vribassa, and the rest.
Now will we march frō proud Orminus mount
To fair Natolia, where our neighbor kings
Expect our power and our royal presence,
To encounter with the cruel Tamburlaine:
That nigh Larissa wailes a mightie hoste,
And with the thunder of his martial tooles,
Shakes earthquakes in the hearts of men and heauen.

Ga. And now come we to make his sinewes shake
With greater power then erst his pride hath felt,
An hundred kings by scores will bid him armes,
And hundred thousands subjects to each score:
Which if a shower of wounding thunderbolts
Should break out of the bowels of the cloudes,
And fall as thick as haile vpon our heads,
In partiall aide of that proud Seythian,
Yet should our courages and Steele'd crestes
And numbers moze than infinite of men,
Be able to withstand and conquer him,

Vri. He thinks I see how glad the Christian king
Is made for toy of our admitted truce:
That could not but before be terrified,
With vnacquainted power of our hoste.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Arme dead Soueraignes & my noble Lords
The

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

The treacherous army of the Christians
Taking advantage of your slender power,
Comes marching on vs and determines straight
To bid vs battell for our dearest lines

Orc. Traitors, villaines, damned Christians,
Haue I not here the articles of peace,
And solemn covenants we haue both confirm'd,
He by his Christ, and I by Mahomet?

Ga. Hell and confusion light vpon their heads,
That with such treason seeke our overthrow.
And cares so little for their prophet Christ.

Orc. Can there be such deceit in Christians,
Or treason in the fleshy heart of man,
Whole shape is figure of the highest God?
Then if there be a Christ, as Christians say,
But in their deeds deny him for their Christ,
If he be son to euerliuing Ioue,
And hath the power of his outstretched arme,
If he be iealous of his name and honoꝝ,
As is our holy Prophet Mahomet,
Take here these papers as our sacrifice,
And witness of thy seruants periurie.
Open thou shining baile of Cynthia,
And make a passage from the imperiall heauen,
That he that sits on high, and neuer sleeps,
Noꝝ in one place is circumscripible,
But euery where fills euery continent,
With strange infusion of his sacred vigoꝝ,
May in his endlesse power and puritie
Behold and venge this Traitors periurie.

Chor.

the Scythian Shepheard.

Thou Chyist that art esteem'd omnipotent,
If thou wilt proue thy selfe a perfect God,
Worthy the worship of all faithfull hearts,
Be now reueng'd vpon this traitors soule,
And make the power I haue left behind,
(Too litle to defend our guiltlesse liues)
Sufficient to discomfozt and confound
The trustlesse force of those false Christians.
To armes my Lords, on Chyist still let vs crye,
If there be Chyist, we shall haue victory.

Sound to the battell, and Sigismond
comes out wounded,

Sig. Discomfited is all the Christians hoste,
And God hath thundred vengeance from on high,
For my accurst and hatefull perjurie.
O iust and dreadfull punisher of sin,
Let the dishonor of the paines I feele
In this my mortall well deserved wound,
End all my pennance in my sudden death,
And let this death whereto I die,
Conceiue a second life in endlesse mercie.

Enter Orcanes, Gazellus Vribassa,
with others.

Or. Now lie the Christians bathing in their blood
And Chyist or Mahomet hath bene my friend.

Ga. See here the perjur'd traitor Hungary,
Bloody and breathlesse for his villany.

Qrc. Now shall his barbarous body be a prete

The Conquests of Tamburlain.

To beasts and foules, and all the windeſ ſhal breathe
Through ſhady leaues of euery ſenceleſſe tree,
Murmures and hiſſes for his hainous ſin,
Now ſcaldes his ſoule in the Tartarian ſtreames,
And feeds vpon the banefull tree of hell,
That Ioacum, that fruit of bytterneſſe,
That in the miſt of fire is ingraft,
Yet flouriſheth as Flora in her pride,
With apples like the heads of damned ſeeds,
The deuils there in chaines of quenchleſſe flame,
Shall lead his ſoule through Orcus burning gulfeſ
From paine to paine, whole change ſhall neuer end,
What ſaiſt thou yet Gazellus to his ſoyl,
Which we referd to iuſtice of his Chriſt,
And to his power, which here appears as full
As rapes of Cynchia to the cleareſt ſight.

Ga. 'Tis but the fortune of the warres my Lord,
Whole power is often prou'd a miracle:

Orc. Yet in my thoughts ſhall Chriſt be honoured,
Not doing Mahomet an injury,
Whole power had ſhare in this our victorie.
And ſince this miſcreant hath diſgrac'd his faith,
And died a traytor both to heauen and earth,
We wil both watch and ward ſhal keep his trunk,
Amidſt theſe plaines for ſoules to pray vpon,
So Vribaffa, giue it ſtraight in charge.

Vri. I will my Lord.

Exit Vribaffa.

Orc. And now Gaſellus, let vs haſt and meet
Our armie, and our brother of Ieruſalem,
Of Soria, trebiſond, and Amafia,

And

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the Scythian Shepheard.

And happilie with full Hætolian bowles,
Of Greekiſh wine now let vs celebrate
Our happy conquest, and his angrie fate.

Exeunt

Actus I. Scena vltima.

The Arras is drawne, and zenocrate lies in her
bed of state, Tamburlaine ſitting by her: three
Phylitians about her bed, tempering potions.
Theridimas, Techelles, Vſumcaſane, and the
three ſonnes,

tamb,

Black is the beauty of the brighteſt day,
The golden ball of heauens eternal fire,
That ſhine's with glozy on the ſiluer wanes,
Now wants the ſewel that enſlam's his beams;
And all with ſaintneſſe. and ſor ſoule diſgrace,
He binds his temples with a crowning cloud,
Ready to darken earth with endleſſe night:
Zenocrate that gaue him light and life,
Whole eies ſhot fire from their Iuorie bowers,
And tempered euery ſoule with liuely heat,
Now by the malice of the angrie Skies,
Whole iealouſie admits no ſecond mate,
Drawes in the comfort of her laceſt breach,
All daſſed with the helliſh myſtes of death.
Now walk the angels on the walles of heauen,
As Centinels to warne th'immortall ſoules,
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceſleſſe lampes,

Pa

That

The Conquests of Tamburlain.

That gently lookt vpon the loathsome earth,
Shine downwards now no more, but Decke the bea-
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate, (uens,
The Christall Springs whose taste illuminates,
Refined eyes with an eternall sight,
Like tryed silver runs through Paradise,
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate,
The Cherubins and holy Seraphins,
That sing and play before the king of kings,
Use all their voyces and their instruments
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.

And in this sweet and curious harmonie,
The God that tunes this musicke to our soules,
Holds out his hand in highest maiesty
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.

Then let some holy trance conuey my thoughtes
Up to the pallace of th'imperiall heauen,
That this my lyfe may be as short to me,
As are the dayes of sweet Zenocrate.

Physitions, will no physieke doe her good?

Phy. My Lord your Maiesty shall soone perceiue,
And if she passe this fit, the worst is past.

cam. Tell me, how fares my faire Zenocrate?

Zen. I fare my Lord, as other Emperesses,
That when this fraile and transitory flesh
Hath suckt the measure of that vital aire
That feeds the body with his dated health,
Wanes with enforst and necessarie change.

cam. May neuer such a change transform my loue,
In whose sweet being I repose my life,

Alph

the Scythian Shepherd,

Whose heavenly presence beautified with health,
Gives light to Phæbus and the fixed starres,
Whose absence makes the sunne & Moone as darke,
As when opposde in one Diameter,
Their Spheres are mounted on the Serpents head
Or els descended to his winding traine,
Live still my Love, and so conserue my life,
Or dying, be the anchor of my death.

Zen. Live still my Lord, O let my Soueraigne live
And sooner let the airy Element
Dissolue, and make your kingdome in the Sky,
Then this base earth should shroud your Maiesty:
For should I but suspect your death by mine,
The comfort of my future happinesse
And hope to meete your highnesse in the heauens,
Turn'd to dispaire, would break my wretched breast,
In Fury would confound my present rest.
But let me die my loue, yet let me die,
With loue and patience let your true loue die,
Your griefe and furie hurts my second life.
Yet let me kisse my Lord before I die,
And let me die with kissing of my Lord.
But since my lyfe is lengthened yet a while,
Let me take leaue of these my soning sons,
And of my Lords, whose true nobilitie
Haue merited my latest memory,
Sweet sons, farewell, in death resemble me,
And in your liues your fathers excellence.
Some musick, and my fit will cease my Lord.
They call for musicke.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

eam. Proud fury, and intollerable fit,
That dares torment the body of my Loue,
And scourge the Scourge of the immortall God,
Now are those Spheares where Cupid vsde to sit
Wounding the world with wonder and with loue,
Sadly supplied with pale and 'ghastly death,
Whose darts do pierce the center of my soule,
Her sacred beautie hath enchanted heauen,
And had she liu'd before the siege of Troy,
Hellen whose beauty summon'd Greece to armes,
And drew a thousand ships to tenedos,
Had not bene nam'd in Homers Iliades,
Her name has bene in euery line he wrote:
Or had those wanton Poets for whose birth
Old Rome was proud, but gaz'd a while on her,
Nor Lesbia nor Corinna had bene nam'd,
Zenocrate had bene the argument
Of euery Epigram or Elegie.

the musick sounds, and she dies,

eam. What is she dead? techelles draw thy sword,
And wound the earth, that it may cleaue in twaine.
And we discent into th' infernal vaults,
To haile the fatal Sisters by the haire,
And throw them in the triple mote of hell.
For taking hence my faire Zenocrate,
Casane and theridimas to armes,
Raile Cavalteros higher than the cloudes,
And with the cannon bzeake the frame of heauen,

Batter

the Scythian Shepherd,

Batter the shining pallace of the Sun,
And shiner all the starry firmament:
For amorous Ioue hath snatcht my loue from hence,
Meaning to make her stately Queene of heauen:
What God soeuer holds thee in his armes,
Giuing thee Nectar and Ambrosia,
Behold me here diuine zenocrate,
Rauing, impatient, desperate and mad,
Breaking my steeled lance, with which I burst
The rusty beames of Ianus Temple doores,
Letting out death and tyrannizing war,
To march with me vnder this bloody flag,
And if thou pittiest tumburlaine the great,
Come down from heauen, and liue with me againe,
ther. Ah good my Lord be patient, she is dead,
And all this raging cannot make her liue,
If words might serue, our voyce hath rent the aire,
If teares, our eyes haue watered all the earth,
If grief, our murdered harts haue strained forth blood
Nothing preuailes, for she is dead my Lord.
tam. For she is dead? thy words do pierce my soule
Oh sweet theridimas, say so no more,
Though she be dead, yet let me think she liues,
And feed my mind that dies for want of her,
Where ere her soule be, thou shalt stay with me,
Embalin'd with Cassia, Amber Greece and Pirrhe,
Not lapt in lead, but in a sheet of gold.
And till I die thou shalt not be interr'd,
Then in as rich a tomb as Mansolus,
We both will rest and haue one Epitaph,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Write in as many several languages,
As I haue conquered kingdoms with my sword:
This cursed towne will I consume with fire,
Because this place bereft me of my Loue:
The houses burne will looke as if they mourn'd,
And here will I set up her Statue,
And march about it with my mourning Campe,
Drooping and pining for Zenocrate.
The Arras is drawne.

Actus 3. Scena 1.

Enter the kinges of Trebizond and Soria, one bringing a sword, and another a scepter: Next Natolia and Ierusalem with the Imperial crown: after Callapine, and after him other Lordes: | Orcanes and Ierusalem crowne him, and the other giue him the scepter.

Orc.

CAlepinus Cyricelibes, otherwise Cybelius son and successiue heire to the late mightie Emperour Baiazeth, by the aid of God and his friend Mahomet, Emperour of Natolia, Ierusalem, Trebizon, Soria, Amasia, Thracia, Illyria, Carmonia, and all the hundred and thirte kingdoms late tributorie to his mightie father. Long liue Calpinus, Emperour of Turkie.

Cal. Thrice worthy kings of Natolia and the rest,
I will requite your royall gracitudes,
With all the benefits my Empire yeelds:

Ans

the Scythian Shepherd.

And were the sinewes of th'imperiall seat
So knit and strengthened, as when Baiazeth
My royal Lord and father sate the throne,
Whose cursed fate hath so dismembred it,
Then should you see this chiefe of Scythia,
This proud vsurping king of Persia,
Do vs such honoz and supzemie,
Bearing the vengeance of our fathers wrongs,
As all the world should blot our dignities
Out of the booke of base bozne infamies.
And now I doubt not but your royall cares,
Hath so provided for this cursed foe,
That since the bette of mightie Baiazeth
(An Emperour so honoured for his vertues)
Reuines the spirits of true Turkish hearts,
In griuous memorie of his fathers shame,
We shall not need to nourish any doubt,
But that proud fortune, who hath followed long
The martiall sword of mighty tamburlain,
Will now retaine her olde inconstancy,
And raise our honoz to as high a pitch
In this our strong and fortunate encounter,
For so hath heauen provided my escape,
From all the cruelty my soule sustains,
By this my friendly keepers happy meanes,
That loue surcharg'd with pittie of our wrongs,
Will poure it downe in showers on our heads:
Scourging the pride of cursed tamburlaine.
Orc. I haue a hundred thousand men in armes,
Some, that in conquest of the perjur'd Christian.
Being

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Being a handfull to a mightie hoste,
Thinke them in number yet sufficient
To drinke the riuer Nile or Euphrates,
And for their power ynow to win the world,
Ier. And I as many from Ierusalem,
Iudea, Gaza, and Scalonians bounds,
That on mount Sinay with their ensignes spread,
Looke like the parti-coloured cloudes of heauen,
That shew faire weather to the neighbour moynes
treb. And I as many bying from trebison,
Chio, Famastro, and Amasia,
All bordering on the Mare maior sea,
Riso, Sancina, and the bordering townes
That touch the end of famous Euphrates,
Whose courages are kindled with the flames
The cursed Scythian sets on all their townes,
And now to burne the Villaines cruell heart.

Sor. From Soria with seuentie thousand strong,
Came from Aleppo, Soldino, tripoly,
And so vnto my city of Damasco,
I march to meet, and aide my neighbour kings,
All which will ioyne against this Tamburlaine,
And bying him captiue to your highnesse feet.

Orc. Our battell then in martiall maner pitcht,
According to our ancient vse, shall beare
The figure of the semi-circled Moone,
Whose hoznes shall sprinkle through the tainted aire,
The popsoned byaines of this proud Scythian.

Cal. Wel then my noble Lords, for this my friend
That freed me from the bondage of my foe,

the Scythian Shepherd.

I think it requisite and honorable
To keep my promise, and to make him king,
That is a Gentleman (I know) at least.

Alm. That's no matter sir, for being a king,
For Tamburlaine came up of nothing.

Ier. Your Majesty may choose some poynted time
Performing all your promise to the full:

'Tis nought for your Majesty to giue a kingdome.

Cal. Then wil I shortly keep my promise, Almeda

Alm. Why, I thanke your Majesty. Exeunt.

Actus. 2. Scena. 3

Tamburlaine, with Vsumcasane, and his three sons:
four bearing the hearse of Zenocrate, and the
drummes sounding a dolefull march, the towne
burning.

Tamb.

SO, burne the turrets of this cursed towne,
Flame to the highest region of the aire,
And kindle heaps of exhalations,
That being fiery meteors, may presage
Death and destruction to th'inhabitants:
Durt my Zenith hang a blazing star,
That may indure till heauen be dissolu'd,
Fled with the fresh supply of earthly dregs,
Threatning a death and famine to this land,
Flying Dragons, lightening, fearfull thundeclays
Singe these fair plains, and make them seem as black
As is the Island where the furies maske,

Compast

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Compass with Lethe, Stryx and Phlegeton,
Because my deare Zenocrate is dead.

Cal. This Piller plac'd in memorie of her,
Where in Arabian, Hebrew, Greeke is writ,
This towne being burnt by tamburlaine the great,
Forbids the world to build it vp againe.

Am. And here this mournful streamer shal be plac'd
Wrought with the Persian and Egyptian armes,
To signifie she was a Princesse borne,
And wife vnto the Monarke of the East,

Celib. And here this table as a register
Of all her vertues and perfections,

tam. And here the picture of Zenocrate,
To shew her beautie, which the world admiz'd.
Sweet picture of diuine Zenocrate,
That hanging here, will draw the Gods from heauen,
And cause the stars sit in the Southzen Arke,
Whose louely faces neuer any viewed,
That haue not past the Centers latitude:
As Pilgrims trauell to our Hemisphere,
Only to gaze vpon Zenocrate.

Thou shalt not beautifie Larissa plaines.
But keepe within the circle of mine armes,
At euery towne and castle I besiege
Thou shalt be set vpon my royal tent,
And when I meet an Armie in the field,
Whose looks will shed such influence in my campe,
As if Bellona Goddess of the war
Threw naked swords and sulphur balles of fire
Vpon the heads of all our enemies.

And

the Seythian Shephard.

And now my Lords, aduance your speares againe,
Sorrow no more my sweet Casane now:
Boyes, leaue to mourne, this towne shal euer mourne,
Being burnt to Cynders for your mothers death.

Cal. If I had wept a sea of teares for her,
It would not ease the sorrow I sustaine,

Amy. As is that towne, so is my heart consumed,
With griefe and sorrow for my mothers death.

Cel. My mothers death hath mortified my mind,
And sorrow stops the passage of my speech.

Cal. But now my boyes, leaue off and list to me,
That meane to teach you rudiments of war,
Ile haue you learne to sleep vpon the ground,
March in your armour thorow watery fens,
Sustaine the scorching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and cold right adiuncts of the warre,
And after this to scale a castle wall,
Besiege a fort, to undermine a towne,
And make whole cities caper in the aire,
Then next, the way to fortifie your men,
In champion grounds, what figure serues you best,
For with the quinque-angle forme is meet,
Because the corners there may fall more flat,
Whereas the Fort may fittest be assayld.
And sharpest where the assault is desperate,
The ditches must be deep and counterscarps
Narrow and steep, the walles made high and broad,
The Bulwarks and the Rampters large and strong,
With Cavalieros and thick counterforts,
And roome within to lodge six thousand men,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

It must haue priuy ditches, countermines,
And secret issuings to defend the ditch,
It must haue high Argins and covered wayes
To keep the Bulwark fronts from battery,
And Parapets to hide the Musketeers,
Casemates to place the great Artillery,
And store of Ordnance that from euery flanke
May scour the outward curtaines of the Fort,
Dismount the cannon of the aduerser part,
Further the foe, and saue their walles from breach.
When this is learn'd for seruice on the land,
By plaine and easie demonstration
Ile teach you how to make the water mount,
That you may drie-foot march through lakes & pools,
Deep riuers, hauens, creeks and little seas,
And make a fortesse in the raging waues,
Fenc'd with the concaue of a monstrous rocke,
Inuincible by nature of the place.
When this is done, then are you souldiours,
And worthy sons of tamburlaine the great,
Cal, My Lord, but this is dangerous to be done,
We may be slaine or wounded ere we learn.
cam, Villaine, art thou the son of tamberlaine,
And fear'st to die, or with a Curle-axe
To hew thy flesh, and make a gaping wound?
Hast thou beheld a peale of Ordnance strike,
Arming of Pikes, mingled with shot and horse,
Whose shattered lims, being tost as high as heauen,
Hang in the aire as thick as sunny moles:
And canst thou Coward stand in feare of death?

Part

the Scythian Shephard.

Hast thou not seen my horsemen charge the foe,
Shot through the armes, cut overthwart the bands,
Dying their lances with their streaming blood?
And yet at night carrouse within my tent,
Filling their emptie vaines with ayry wine,
That being concocted, turnes to crimson blood,
And wilt thou shun the field for feare of wounds?
View me thy father that hath conquered kings,
And with this hoste marcht round about the earth,
Quite void of scarres, and cleare from any wound,
That by the warres lost not a dram of blood,
And see him lance his flesh to reach you all.

He cuts his arme.

A wound is nothing be it nere so deep,
Blood is the God of wars rich livery.
Now looke I like a souldiour, and this wound
As great a grace and maiesty to me,
As if a chaire of gold enamelled,
Enchac'd with Diamonds, Sapphires, Rubies,
And fairest pearle of welch India,
Were mounted here vnder a Canapie,
And I sat downe, cloth'd with a massie robe,
That late adorna'd the Affricke Potentate,
Whom I brought bound vnto Damascus walles:
Come boyes, and with your fingers search my wound
And in my blood wash all your hands at once.
While I sit smiling to behold the sight.
Now my boyes, what thinke you of a wound?
Cal. I know not what I should thinke of it,
He thinks tis a pitifull sight,

Co.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Cel. 'Tis nothing: giue me a wound father,
Amy. And me another my Lord,
tam. Come sirrha, giue me your arme. (otone,

Cel. Here father, cut it brauely as you did your
tam. It shall suffice thou darst abide a wound
My boy, thou shalt not loose a drop of blood,
Before we meet the armie of the Turke.
But then run desperate through the thickest throngs,
Dreadlesse of blowes, of bloody wounds and death,
And let the burning of Larissa walles
My speech of war, and this my wound you see
Teach you my hopes to beare corragious minds,
Fit for the followers of great tamburlain.
Vsumcasane now come let vs march
Towards Techelles and theridimas,
That we haue sent before to fire townes,
The towers and cities of these hatefull Turks,
And hunt that coward, faintheart, runaway,
With that accursed traytor Almeda,
Till fire and sword haue found them at a bay.
Vsu. I long to pierce his bowels with my sword,
That hath betraid my gracious Soueraigne,
That curst and damned traytor Almeda.
tam, Then let vs see if coward Calapine,
Dare leuy armes against our puillance.
That we may tread vpon his caprine necke,
And treble all his fathers slauieries. Exeunt

Actus. 3, Seena 3,

Techello

the Scythian Shephcard.

Techelles, theridimas, and their traine,

therid.

Thus haue we marche northward from tambur:
Unto the frontier port of Soria: (laine
And this is Balsera their chiefest hold,
Wherein is all the treasure of the land.
Tech. Then let vs bring our light artillery,
Minions, Faulknets and Sakars to the trench.
Filling the ditches with the walles wide breach,
And enter in to seaze vpon the golde:
How say ye Souldiours, shall we not?

Soul. Yes, my Lord, yes, come lets about it.
ther. But stay a while: summon a parle Drum.
It may be they wil yeeld it quietly,
Knowing two kings, the friends to tamburlain,
Stand at the walles with such a mighty power.
Summon the bataell.

Captaine with his wife and sonne:

Cap. What require you my matters?

ther. Captain that thou yeeld by thy holoe to vs.

Cap. To you? Why, do you think me weary of it?

tech. Nay Captaine, thou art weary of thy life.

If thou withstand the friends of tamburlaine.

ther. These Pioners of Argier in Affrica,

Euen in the cannons face shall rattle a hill

Of earch and sagots higher then thy Fort,

And ouer thy Argins and covered wates

Shal play vpon the Bulwarks of thy hold

Collopes of ordinance til the breach be made,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

That with his ruine fills vp all the trench,
And when we enter in, not heauen it selfe
Shall ransom thee, thy wife and family.

tech, Captain, these Doore shall cut the leaden pipes
That bring fresh water to thy men and thee:
And lie in trench before thy Castle walles,
That no supply of victuall shall come in,
Nor issue forth, but: they shall dy.
And therefore Captain, yeeld it quietly.

Cap. were all you that are the friends of tambur-
Brothers to holy Mahomet himselfe, (laine
I would not yeeld it: therefore do your worst:
Raise mounts, batter, entrench, and undermine,
Cut off the water, all contriues that can,
yet I am resolute, and so farewell.

ther. Pyoners, away, and where I stuck the stake,
Intrench with those dimensions I prescribed:
Cast vp the earth towards the Castle wall,
Which till it may defend you, labour low:
And few or none shall perish by their shot.

Pyon. We wil my Lord. Exeunt.

tech A hundred horse shall scout about the plaines,
To spie what force comes to relieue the hold.
Both we (cheridimas) wil entrench our men,
And with the Jacobs stasse measure the height
And distance of the castle from the trench,
That we may know if our Artillery
Will carie full point blanch vnto their walles.

ther. Then see the bringing of our Ordnance
Along the trench into the battery.

Where

the Scythian Shepheard.

Where we will haue Gallions of fire foot broad,
To saue our Cannoniers from musket shot:
Betwixt which shall our ordinance thunder forth,
And with the breaches fall smoke fire and dust,
The cracke, the Echoe, and the Souldiours crie,
Make deafe the aire, and dim the Chrystal Skie.
tech. Trumpets and Drums, alarme presently,
And souldiours play the men, the hold is yours.
Enter Captaine with his wife and son.

(hence,

Olym. Come good my Lord, and let vs haste from
Along the caue that leads beyond the foe,
No hope is left to saue this conquered hold,

Cap. A deadly bullet gliding through my side,
Lies heavy on my heart, I cannot lue.

I feele my liuer pierc'd, and all my vaines,
That there begin and nourish euery parte,
Bangled and torne, and all my entrails bath'd
In blood that straineth from their orifer,

Farewell sweet wife, sweet son farewell, I dy. (lue

Olym. Death, whether art thou gone that both we
Come back againe (sweet death) and strike vs both,
One minute end our dayes, and one sepulcher,
Containe our bodies: Death, why comest thou not,
Wel, this must be the Messenger for thee,
Now ugly death, stretch out thy Sable wings,
And cary both our soules where liz remaines.
Tell me sweet boy, art thou content to dy,
These barbarous Scythians full of cruelty,
And Moores, in whom was neuer pity found,

The Conquests of Tamburlain.

Will heu vs peecemeale, put vs to the wheele,
Or els inuent some torture worse then thac,
Therefore die by thy louing mothers hand,
Who gently now wil lance thy Iuozie throat,
And quickly rid thee both of paine and life.

Son. Mother dispatch me, or Ile kil my selfe.
For thinke ye I can liue and see him dead:
Giue me your knife good mother, or strike home:
The Scythians shal not tyrannise on me,
Sweet mother strike, that I may meet my father.
She stabs him.

Olym Ab sacred Mahomet, if this be sin,
Intreat a pardon of the God of heauen,
And purge my soule befoze it come to thee.

Enter theridimas, techelles, and all
their traine.

ther. How now Madam: what are you doing?

Olym. Killing my selfe, as I haue done my sonne,
Whose body with his fathers I haue burnt,
Least cruell Scythians should dismember him.

tech. T was brauely done, & like a souldiers wife,
Thou shalt with vs to camburlaine the great,
Who when he heares how resolute thou wert,
Will match thee with a Ciceroy or a king.

Olym. My Lord deceast was tearer vnto me,
Then any Ciceroy, king, or Emperour,
And for his sake here will I end my dayes.

ther. But Lady goe with vs to camburlain,
And thou shalt see a man greater then Mahomet,

the Scythian Shepherd,

In whose high looks is much more maiesty
Then from the concaue superficies
Of Ioues vast pallace, the imperiall Dybe,
Unto the shining bower where Cynthia sits,
Like louely thetis in a Chrysell robe,
That treadeth Fortune vnderneath his feet,
And makes the mighty God of Armes his slaue:
On whom death and the fatall sisters waite,
With naked swords and scarlet liueries:
Before whom (mounted on a Lyons backe)
Rhamnesia beares a helmet ful of blood,
And strowes the way, with braines of slaughtered men
By whose proud side the vgly furies run.
Darkening when he shall bid them plague the world,
Ouer whose Zenith cloth'd in windy ayre.
And Eagles wings ioy'd to her feathered breast,
Fume houereth, sounding of her golden trump,
That to the aduerse poles of that straight line,
Which measureth the glorious frame of heauen,
The name of mighty Tamburlaine is spread,
And him faire Lady, shall thy eyes behold. Come.

Olym. Take pittie of a Ladies ruthfull teares,
That humbly craues vpon her knees to stay,
And cast her body in the burning flame,
That feeds vpon her sonnes and Husbands flesh.

tech. Hadam, sooner shall fire consume vs both.
Then scortch a face so beautifull as this.
In frame of which nature hath shew'd more skil,
Then when she gaue eternal Chaos forme,
Drawing from it, the shining lamps of heauen,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine;

ther. Madam, I am so far in loue with you,
That you must goe with vs, no remedie.

Olym. Then care me I care not where you will,
And let the end of this my fatal iourney
Be likewise end to my accursed life.

tech. No Madam, but the beginning of your ioy,
Come willingly therefore.

ther.ouldiours, now let vs meet the Generall,
Who by this times is at Natolia,
Ready to charge the Army of the Turk:
The Gold, the silver, and the pearle ye got,
Rising this Fort, deuide in equall shares,
This Lady shall haue twise so much againe
Out of the coffers of our treasure.

Exeunt

Actus 3. Scena 5.

Callepine, Orcanes, Ierusalem, Trebizon, Soria, Al-
meda, with their traine,

Messenger

REnowned Emperour, mighty Callepine,
Gods great lieutenant ouer all the world,
Here at Aleppo with an hoste of men,
Lies Tamburlaine, this king of Persia,
In number more then are the quivering leaues
Of Idas Forrest where your Highnesse bounds,
With open crie pursues the wounded Stag:
Who means to gytt Natolias walles with siege,
Fire the towne, and ouerrun the land.

Cal. My royall Armie is as great as his,

That

the Scythian Shepherd.

That from the bounds of Phrigia to the sea
Which washeth Cyprus with his brinish waues,
Covers the hills, the valleys and the plaines,
Uiceropes and Peres of Turkey, play the men,
Whet all your swords to mangle ramburlaine,
His sonnes, his Captaines, and his followers,
By Mahomet not one of them shall live.
The field wherein this battel shal be fought,
For ever, terme, the Perseans sepulchre,
In memorie of this our victorie.

Orc. Now he that calls himself the scourge of Ioue
The Emperour of the world, and earthly God,
Shal end the warlike progresse he intends,
And trauell headlong to the lake of hell,
Where legions of Devils (knowing he must die
Here in Natolia, by your highnesse hands)
All brandishing their brands of quenchlesse fire,
Stretching their monstrous pawes, grin with their
And guard the gates to entertain his soule. (teeth)

Cal. Tel me Uiceropes the number of your men,
And what our Army royall is esteem'd.

Ier. From Palestina and Ierusalem
Of Hebrewes threescore thousand fighting men,
Are come since last we shewed your Maestie:

Orc. So from Arabia desert, and the bounds
Of that sweet land, whose braue Petropolis,
Reedified the faire Semyramis,
Came fourty thousand warlike foot and horse,
Since last we numbred to your Maestie.

Treb. From Trebizon, in Asia the lesse,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Naturalized Turks and stout Byghinsians,
Came to my hands full fiftie thousand more,
That fighting knowes not what retreat doth meane,
Nor ere returne but with the victorie,
Since last we numbred to your Maiesty.

Sor. Of Sorians from Halla is repair'd
And neighbor citties of your Highnesse land,
Ten thousand horse, and thirty thousand foot,
Since last we numbred to your Maiestie,
So that the Army royall is esteem'd
Six hundred thousand valiant fighting men.

Cal. Then welcome tamburlaine vnto thy death:
Come puissant Viceroyes, let vs to the field
(The Persians sepulchre) and sacrifice
Mountaines of breathlesse men to Mahomet,
Who now with loue opens the firmament,
To see the slaughter of our enemies.

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Tamburlaine with his three sonnes, Vsuno
casane, with other.

How now Casane: See a knot of Kings,
Sitting as if they were a telling riddles.
Vsu. My Lord your presence makes them
pale and wan,
Poore soules they look as if their deaths were nere,
tamb. Why so be it Casane, I am here.
But yet Ile saue their liues, and make them slaues,
Be perie kinges of Turkie I am come,

the Scythian Shepheard.

As Hector did into the Grecian campe,
To ouerbare the pride of Grecia,
And set his warlike person to the biew
Of fierce Achilles riual of his fame.
I doe you honour in the simile.
For if I should as Hector did Achilles,
(The worthiest knight that euer brandisht sword)
Challenge in combat any of you all,
I see how fearfully ye would refuse,
And slip my gloue as from a Scorpion.

Ore. Now thou art fearfull of thy armies strength
Thou wouldst with ouermatch of person fight,
But Sepheards issue, base borne ramburlain,
Think of thy end this sword shall lance thy throat,
rarn. Villaine, the Sepheards issue, at whose birth
Heauen did affoord a gracious aspect,
And ioynd those stars that shall be opposite,
Euen til the dissolution of the world.
And neuer meant to make a Conqueror
So famous as is mighty ramburlaine:
Shall so torment thee and that Callepine,
That like a roguish runnaway, suborn'd
That villaine there, that flave, that Turkish dog,
To false his seruice to his Soueraigne.
As ye shall curse the birth of ramburlaine.

Cal. Raile not proud Scythian, I shal now reuenge
My fathers vile abuses, and mine owne.

Ier. By Mahomet he shall be tyed in chaines,
Rowing with Christians in a Buggandine,
About the Grecian Isles to rob and spoyle,

And

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

And turne him to his ancient trade againe.

We think the slaue shoulde make a lusty cheefe.

Cal. Nay, when the battel ends, al we wil meet,

And sit in counceyl to inuent some paine,

That most may bere his body and his soule.

tam. Sircha, Callapine, Ile hang a clog about
your necke for running away again, you shal not trou-
ble me thus to come and fetch you.

But as for you (Uiceroy) you shal haue bits,

And harness like my horses, draw my coach,

And when ye stay, be lash't with whips of wyer,

Ile haue you learne to feed on prouender,

And in a stable lie vpon the plancks.

Orc. But tamburlaine, first thou shalt kneel to vs
And humbly craue a pardon for thy lyfe.

treb. The common souldiours of our mighty host
Shal bring thee bound vnto our Generals tent:

Sor. And all haue iointly sworne thy cruel death.

O, bind thee in eternal torments with:

tamb. Tell first diet your selues, you know I shall
haue occasion shortly to iourney you.

Cel. See father, how Almeda the Maylour looks
vpon vs:

tam. Villaine, traitor, damned fugitiue,

Ile make thee with the earth had swallowed thee,

Seest thou not death within my wrathfull looks?

Goe villaine, cast thee headlong from a rock,

O, rip thy bowels, and rend out thy heart,

To appease my wrath, or els Ile torture thee.

Bearing thy hateful flesh with burning yrons,

And

the Scythian Shepherd.

And drops of scalding lead, while all thy joints,
Be rackt and beat asunder with the wheele:
For if thou liuest, not any Element
Shal throude thee from the wrath of camberlaine;
Cal, Well, in despite of thee he shal be king:
Come Almeda receiue this crowne of me,
I were inuest thee king of Ariadan,
Bordering on Mare Roso neere to Meca,

Orc. What, take it man:

Alm Good my Lord let me take it.

Cal, Doeſt thou aske him leaue? Here take ſett
cam. Goe to ſirra, take your crowne, and make by
the halfe dozen.

So ſirra now you are a king, you muſt giue armes,

Or So he ſhal, and wear thy head in his ſcutchion.
cam. No, let him hang a bunch of keyes on his ſtan-
dard, to put him in remembrance hee was a Taylor,
that when I take him, I may knocke out his braynes
with them, and locke you in the ſtable, when you ſhall
come ſweating from my chariot:

teeb. Away, let vs to the field, that the villain may
be ſlaine:

cam, Sirra, prepare whips, and bring my chariot
to my tent: For as ſoon as the battel is done, Ile ride
in triumph through the Camp:

Enter Theridimas, Techelles,
and their train,

Now now ye petty kings, loe, here are Bugs
Will make the haire ſtand by right on your heads,
And caſt your crownes in ſlauey at their feet,

Welcome

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Welcome theridimas and Techelles both,
See yee this rout, and know you this same king's
ther. I my Lord, he was Calpines keeper
tam. Well now you see he is a king, looke to him,
theridimas, when we are fighting, least yee lose his
crowne, as the foolish king of Persia did.

Sor. No tamburlaine, he shal not be put to that ex-
igent I warrant thee.

tam. You know not sir:
But now my followers and my louing friends,
Fight as you euer did like Conquerors,
The glorie of this happy day is yours:
My sterne aspect shall make faire victorie,
Houering betwixt our armies, light on me,
Laden with Laurell weathes to crowne vs all.
tech. I smile to thinke how when this field is fought
And rich Natolia ours, our men shal sweat
With carrying pearle and treasure on their backs,
tam. You shall be princes all immediatly:
Come fight ye Turks, or yeeld vs victorie.

Or, No, we will meet thee slauish tamburlaine,
Exeunt.

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Alarme: Amyras and Celebinus issues from the tent
where Caliphas sits a sleep.

Now in their glories shine the golden crownes
Of these proud turks, much like so many suns,
That halfe dismay the maiesty of heauen:

Robt

the Scythian Shephard.

Now brother, follow we our Fathers sword,
That flies with furie swifter than our thoughts,
And cuts downe Armes with his conquering wings.

Cel. Cal forth our laize brother from the tent,
For if my father misse him in the field,
Wrath kindeled in the furnace of his breast,
Will send a deadie lightning to his heart.

Amy. Brother, ho, what, giuen so much to sleep,
You cannot leaue it, when our enemies drums
And ratling cannons thunder in our ears,
Our proper ruine, and our fathers foyle?

Cal. Away ye fools, my father nee ds not me,
Nor you in faich, but that you wil be thought
More childish ballurous then manly wise:
If halfe our camp should sit and sleep with me,
My father were ynough to scar the foe:
You do dishonour to his Maestie.

To think our helpes will do him any good.

Amy. What, dar'it thou then be absent from the
Knowing my father hates thy cowardize, (fight,
And oft hath warn'd thee to be still in field,
When he himselte amidst the thickest troopes,
Beats downe our foes, to flesh our tainlesse swords?

Cal. I know sir, what it is to kil a man,
It works remorse of conscience in me,
I take no pleasure to be murtherous,
Nor care for blood, when wine wil quench my thirst.

Cel. O cowardly boy fie for shame, come forth,
Thou dost dishonour manhood and thy house.

Cal. Go, go, call uprising, fight you for vs both.

Ans

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

And take my other toward brother here,
For person like to prove a second Mars,
I will please my mind as well to heare both you,
Havie won a heap of honoꝝ in the field,
And leſt your ſlender carcaſſes behind,
As if I lay with you for company,

Amy. You wil not goe then?

Cal. You ſay true:

Amy. Al the loſty mounts of Zona mundi,
That fill the midſt of fartheſt Tartarie,
Turn'd into pearle, and proffered for my ſtay,
I would not hide the fury of my father:
When made a victoꝝ in theſe haucie Armes,
He comes and findes his ſons have had no ſhares
In al the honoꝝ he propoſe for us,

Cal. Take you the honoꝝ, I wil take my caſe,
My wiſdome ſhal excuſe my cowardize:
I goe into the field before I need?

Alarime and Amy, and Celeb. run in.
The bullets ſlie at randome where they liſt,
And ſhould I goe and kill a thouſand men,
I were as ſoone rewarded with a ſhot,
And ſooner ſar than he that never fights:
And ſhould I goe and doe noꝝ harme noꝝ good,
I might have harme, which al the good I have
Joynd with my fathers crown would never cure:
Ile to cardes, Perdicast

Per. Here my Lord.

Cal. Come, thou and I wil goe to cardes, to dye
away the time,

Per.

the Scythian shephard.

Per. Content my Lord, but what shall we play for?

Cal. Who shall kille the fairest of the Turkes concubines first, when my father hath conquered them?

Per. Agreed ysaith:

They play

Cal. They say I am a Coward (Perdicas) and I feare as litle their tara tantaras, their swords or their cannons, as I doe a naked Lady in a net of golde, & for feare I should be affraid, would put it off and come to bed with me.

Per. Such a feare my Lord, would neuer make ye retire.

Cal. I would my father would let me be put in the front of such a battell once, to trie my valour,

Alarum

What a coyle they keepe, I beleene there will be some hurt done anon amongst them,

Enter Tamburlaine, Theridimas, Techelles, Vsumcasane, Amyras, Celebinus leading the Turkish kings

(pride, tam. See now ye slaues, my children stoop: your And leads your glories sheep-like to the sword: Bzing them my boyes, and tel me if the warres Be not a life that may illustrate Gods, And tickle not your Spirits with desire Stil to be train'd in armes and chivalry?

Amy. Shal we let goe these kings again my Lord To gather greater numbers gainst our power, That they may say, it is not chance doth this:

But

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

But matchlesse strength and magnanimity.

ram. No, no, Amyras tempt not Fortune so,
The rich thy valour fill with fresh supplies,
And glut it not with sleale and daunted foes.
But where's this Coward, villaine, not my son,
But traytoꝝ to my name and maiesty?

He goes in and brings him out.

Image of sloth and picture of a slave,
The obloquy and scoꝛne of my renowne,
How may my heart thus fiered with mine eyes,
Wounded with shame, and kild with discontent,
Shroud any thought may hold my striving hands
From martiall iustice on thy wretched soule?

cher. Pet pardon him I pray your maiestie.
Tech. and Vsum. Let all of vs intreat your high-
nesse pardon.

ram. Stand vp, ye base vntwoꝝthy Soulesours,
Know ye not yet the argument of Armes?

Amy. Good my Lord, let him be forgiven for once
and we wil force him to the field hereafter.

ram. Stand vp my boyes, & I will teach you armes,
And what the iealousie of warres must do:
O Samarcanda: where I breathed first,
And loy'd the fire of this materiall flesh,
Blush, blush faire Citie, at thine honoꝝs folle,
And shame of Nature with laercis streame,
Embracing thee with deepest of his loue,
Can neuer wash from thy distained browes,

Here

the Scythian-Shepherd,

Here Ioue, receiue his fainting soule againe,
A forme not meet to giue that subiect essence:
Whose matter is the flesh of Tamburlaine,
Wherein an incorporeall spirit mooues,
Made of the mould wherof thy selfe consistest
Which makes me valiant, proud, ambitious,
Ready to leape power against thy throne, (wert,
That I might moue the turning Spheres of hea-
For earth and all this aery region
Cannot containe the state of Tamburlaine:
By Mahomet thy mighty friend I sweare,
In sending to my issue such a soule,
Created of the massy dregs of earth,
The scum and tartar of the Elements,
Wherin was neither courage, strength or wit,
But folly, sloth and damned idlenesse:
Thou hast procur'd a greater enemy,
Then he that darted mountaines at thy head:
Shaking the burthen mighty Atlas beares,
Wherewith thou trembling hidst thee in the aire,
Cloath'd with a pitchy cloud for being seen,
And now ye cankred curres of Asia,
That wil not see the strength of Tamburlaine,
Although it shine as brightly as the sun,
Now shall ye feele the strength of Tamburlaine:
And by the state of his supremacy,
Approoue the difference twixt himselfe and you.

Or. Thou shewest the difference twixt our selues &
In this thy barbarous damned tyranny, (thee,
Ier, Thy victories are growne so violent,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

That shortly heauen, filld with the meteors
Of blood and fire, the tyrannies haue made:
Will poure downe blood and fire on thy heau:
Whose scalding drops wil pierce thy seething braines,
And with our bloods, revenge our bloods on thee.

I am. Villaines, these terrors and these tyrannies,
(If tyrannies warres Justice ye repute.)
I execute, enioun'd me from aboue:
To scourge the pities of such as heauen abhors,
Now am I made Archmonark of the world,
Crown'd and inuested by the hand of loue,
For deeds of bounety or nobility:

But since I exercise a greater name,
The Scourge of God, and terror of the world,
I must apply my selfe to fit those tearmes
In war, in blood, in death, in cruelty.
And plague such peasants, as resisting me,
The power of heauens eternall maiesty,
Theridimas, Techelles and Casane,
Ransacke the tents and the Paulions
Of these proud Turks, and take their concubines,
Making them bury this effeminate brat,
For not a common Souldiour shal defile
His manly fingers with so faine a boy.

Then bring those Turkish barlots to my tent,
And Ile dispose them as it likes me best,
Meane while take him in.

Soul. We will my Lord.

Ier. O damned monster, nay a feend of hel,
Whose cruelties are not so bad as thine,

the Scythian Shepherd.

For yett I mposde with such a bitter hate,
Ore. Reuenge Radamant andacus,
And let your hates extended in his paines,
Expell the hate wherewith he paines our soules.
treb. May neuer day giue vertue to his eyes,
Whose sight composde of fure, and of fire;
Doth send such sterne affections to his heart,
Sor. May neuer spirit, vaine or Arter seed
The curled substance of that cruell heart,
But (wanting moisture and remorseful blood)
Dry by with anger, and consume with heat.
cam. Hel, back ye dogs, Ile bziote al your tongues
And bind them close with bits of burnishe Steele
Down to the channels of your hateful throats,
And with the paines my rigor shall inflict,
Ile make you roare, that earth may ecchoe soorth
the say resembling torments ye sustaine,
As when an heard of lusty Cymbyrian Bulls,
Run mourning round about the Females milke,
And Rang with fury of their following,
Fill all the aire with troublous bellowing.
I will with engins, neuer excise,
Conquer, satke, and betterly consume
Your citties, and your golden pallaces,
And with the flames that heat against the cloude,
Incense the beauens, and make the stars to melt,
As if they were the teares of Mahomet,
For hot consumption of his countries priues
And til by vision, or by speech I heare
Immoztal Ioue say, Cease my camburaine;

The Conquests of Tamburlain.

I will persist a terrour to the world,
Making the Meteors, that like armed men
Are seene to march upon the towers of heauen,
Run tilting round about the firmament,
And breake their burning Lances in the aire,
For honoz of my wondrous victories:
Come bring them into our pavilion. Exeunt.

Actus 4. Scena 3.

Olympia alone.

Darest Olympia, whose weeping eyes
Since thy arriual here beheld no Sun,
But close within the compasse of a tent,
Hath stain'd thy cheeks, & made thee look like
Deuile some means to rid thee of thy life, (death,
Rather then yeeld to his detested suit,
Whose drift is only to dishonoz thee:
And since this earth, deaw'd with thy by'nish teares
Affords no hearbs, whose taste may poyson thee,
Nor yet this aire, beat often with thy sighes,
Contagious smels, and vapors to infect thee,
Nor thy close caue a sword to murder thee,
Let this inuention be the instrument,

Enter Theridamas.

ther. Wel met Olympia, I sought thee in my tent,
But when I saw the place obscure and dark,
Which with thy beauty thou wast wont to light,
Enrag'd, I ran about the fields for thee,

Scappes

the Scythian Shepherd.

Supposing, amorous Ione had sent his sonne,
The winged Hermes to conuey thee hence:
But now I finde thee, and that feare is past.
Tell me Olympia, wilt thou graunt my suite?

Olym. My Lord & husbandes death with my sweete
With whom I buried all affections, (low
Saue grieve and sorow which torment my heart:
Forbids my mind to entertaine a thought.
That tends to loue, but meditate on death,
A fitter subiect for a pensive soule.

ther. Olympia, pity him, in whom thy looks
Haue greater operation and more force
Then Cynthias in the watery wilbernesse
For with thy view my ioyes are at the full,
And ebagaine as thou departst from me.

Olym. Ah, pity me my Lord, and draw your sword
Making a passage for my troubled soule,
Which beats against this prison to get out,
And meet my husband and my louing sonne.

ther. Nothing but still thy husband and thy sonne?
Leaue this my loue, and listen more to me,
Thou shalt be stately Queene of faire Argier,
And cloath'd in costly cloth of massy gold,
Upon the marble thresholds of my Court
Sit like to Venus in her chaire of state:
Commanding all thy princely eye desires,
And I will cast off Armes and sit with thee,
Spending my life in sweet discourse of loue.

Olym. No such discourse is pleasant in mine eares,
But that where every period ends with death,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

And euery line begins with death againe,

I cannot loue to be an Emperesse.

ther. Nay Lady, then if nothing will preuaile,

Ile vse some other meanes to make you yeeld,

Such is the sudden furie of my loue:

I must and will be please, and you shal yeeld,

Come to the tent againe.

(honey,

Olym. Stay good my Lord, and will you saue my

Ile giue your Grace a present of such price,

As all the world cannot afford the like,

ther. What is it?

Olym. An oynment which a cunning Alchemist

Distilled from the purest Balsamum,

And simplest extracts of all Minerals,

In which the essentiall forme of Marble stone,

Tempered by science metaphysicall,

And spels of Magick from the mouths of spirits,

With which if you but noint your tender skin,

Noe Pistol, sword, noe Lance can pierce your flesh.

ther. Why should I think you to mocke me thus palpable?

Olym. To proue it, I will shew my naked throat,

Which when you stab, look on your weapons point,

And you shal see't rebated with the blow.

ther. Why gaue you not your husband some of it, if you loued him, and it so precious?

Olym. My purpose was my Lord, to spend it so,

But was preuented by his sudden end,

And for a present easie proue hereof,

That I dissemble not, see it on me,

ther,

the Scythian Shepheard.

And thus he drowne with these two tolekings,
cam. Thy youth forbids such ease my kingly boy,
They shall to morrow draw my chariot.

While these their fellow kings may be refresh

Orc. O thou that swayest the region vnder earth,

And art a king as absolute as Ioue,

Come as thou didst in fruitfull Sicilie,

Surruyng all the glories of the land,

And as thou took'st the faire Proserpina,

Tying the fruit of Ceres garden plot,

For loue, for honoz, and to make her Queene,

So for iust hate, for shame, and to subdue,

This proud contemner of thy dreadful power,

Come once in furie and suruay his pride,

Haling him headlong to the lowest hell.

ther. Your Maestie must get some bits for these,

To bryole their contemptuous curling tongues,

That like vnuly neuer broken Iades,

Break through the hedges of their hateful mouthes,

And passe their fixed bounds exceedingly.

rec. Nay, we wil break the hedges of their mouthes,

And pul their kicking coles out of their pastures.

Vsum Your Maestie already hath deuise

A meane, as fit as may be to restraine

These coltish each-woyle tongues from blasphemy.

Cc. How like you that sic king: why speak you not

Ier. Oh cruel Brut, sprung from a Tyrants loynes

How like his cursed father he begins

To practise cruelties and bitter tyrannies.

cam. I Turk, I tel thee, this same boy is he

the

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

That must obtaine in higher pomp then this)
Ride the kingdoms I shal leave vnbackt.
If loue esteeming me too good for earth.
Raile me to march the faire Aldeboran,
About the threfold Astracisme of heauen,
Before I conquer all the triple world.
Now fetch me out the Turkish Concubines,
I will prefer them for the funerall
They haue bestowed on my abortiue sonne.

The Concubines are brought in.

Where are my common souldiers now that fought
So Lionlike vpon Asphaleis plaines?

Soul, Were my Lord
tam. Hold ye all souldiers, take ye queens apeece.

(I meane such Queens as were kings concubines).

Take them, diuide them, and their iewels too,

And let them equally serue all your turnes.

Soul, We chantage your State.

tam. Bzable not (I warne you for your lechery,

For euery man that so offend shal die.

Ore. Insatious Tyrant, wilt thou so defame

The hateful fortunes of thy victorie,

To exercise vpon such guiltlesse names,

The violence of thy common souldiers lust.

tam. Lste content then ye slaues, and meet not me

With troopes of Harlots at your fleshful beeles.

Lad. O pitie vs my Lord, and saue our honours.

tam. Are ye not gone ye villains, with your spoils?

They run away with the Ladies,

Let, O most lesse infernal cruelty,

tam.

the Scythian Shepherd.

cher. I will Olympia, and will keep it for
The richest present of this Easterne world.

She points her throat.

Olym. Now stab my Love, & mark your weapons
That will be blunted, if the blow be great.

cher. Here then Olympia,
What have I slain her's Villaine, stab thy selfe;
Cut off this arme that murdered my Love:

In whom the learned Rabies of this age
Might find as many woonzous miracles;
As in the Theopha of the world.

Now hell is fairer then Elizian,
A greater Lamp then that bright eye of heaven,
From whence the Stars do borrow all their light.

Wanders about the black circumference;
And now the damned soules are free from paine,

For every fury gazeth on her looks,
Infernal Dis is courting of my love,

Inuenting maskes and lately shewen for her,
Opening the doores of his rich treasury.

To entertaine this Queene of chastitie
Whose body shall be tomb'd with all the pompe

The treasure of my kingdome may afford.

Exit, taking her away

Actus 4. Scena 4

Tamburlaine drawne in his chariot by Trebizon
and Soria with bittes in their mouthes, reines in
his left hand, in his right hand a whippe, with
which he scourgeth them, Techelles, Theridimas

The Conquests of Tamburlaine;

Vismecafane, Amyras, Celeb. Natolia & Ierusalem led by with five or six common souldiours.

Tam.

Holla, ye pampered Iades of Asia,
What can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
And haue so proud a chariot at your heeles,
And such a Coachman as great tamburlaine?
But from Asphaltis, where I conquered you,
To Byron here where thus I honoz you:
The horse that guide the golden eye of heauen,
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gate about the cloudes,
Are not so honoured in their Gouernour,
As you (ye Iades) in mighty tamburlaine.
The beastrong Iades of thrace, Alcides tam'd,
That king Egeus fed with humane flesh:
And made so wanton that they knew their strengthes,
Were not subdued with vallour more diuine,
Then you by this unconquered arme of mine:
To make you fierce and fit my appetite,
You shal be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
And drinke in pailles the strongest Mascadell:
If you can liue with it, then liue and draw
My chariot swifter then the racking cloudes:
If not, then die like beasts and sit for nought
But perches for the black and fatal Rauens.
Thus am I right the Scourge of highest Ioue,
And see the figure of my dignitie,
By which I hold my name and maiestie.

Am. Let me haue a coach my Lord, that I may ride

And

the Scythian Shepheard.

ram. Haue your honours were but time in deed,
Lost long before you knew what honour meant.

ther. It seemes they meant to conquer vs my Lord
And make vs leſſing Pageants for their trulles.

ram. And now themſelues ſhal make our Pageants
And common ſouldiours ſett with all their trulles
Let them take pleaſure ſoundly in their ſpoiles,
Till we prepare our march to Babylon,
Whether we next make expedition.

tech. Let vs not be idle then my Lord,
But preſently be preſt to conquer it.

ram. We will techelles, forward then ye Jades,
Now crowch ye Kings of greateſt Asia,
And tremble when ye heare this ſcourge wil come,
That whips downe citties, and controlleth crownes,
Adding their wealch and treaſure to my ſtoze:
The Euxine ſea north to Natolia,
The Terrene Weſt, the Caſpian North northeaſt,
And on the South Senus Arabicus,
Shall all be loden with the martiall poples
We wil conuey with vs to Perſia,
Then ſhall my native cite Samarcanda,
And chryſtall wanes of freſh Iacres ſtreame,
The pride and beauty of her princely ſeat,
Be famous through the furtheſt Continents,
For there my pallace royal ſhal be plac'd:
Whoſe ſhining turrets ſhal diſmay the heauens,
And caſt the fame of Ilions Tower to hell,
Through the ſtreets with troops of conquered kings,
He ride in golden armour like the Sun,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine;

And in my helme a triple plume shal spring,
Spangled with Diamonds dancing in the aire;
To note me Emperour of the three fold world,
Like to an Almond tree pinounted high,
Upon the lofty and celestiaall mount,
Of euery green Selinus quaintly deckt,
With blomes more white than Hericinas browes,
Whose tender blossoms tremble euery one,
At euery litle breath that thozow heauen is blowne:
Then in my coach like Saturnes royal son,
Mounted his shining chariots gilt with fire,
And drawne with princely Eagles through the path,
Pau'd with bright Chrystall, and encircled with stars,
When all the Gods stand gazing at his pomp:
So will I ride through Samarcanda streets,
Untill my soule disseuered from this flesh;
Shal mount the milk white way, and meet him there,
To Babylon my Lords, to Babylon. Exeunt.

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus 5. Scena 1.

Enter the Gouvernour of Babylon vpon the
waller, with others.

Gouer.

W

hat saith Maximus?

Max. My Lord, the breach the enemies
hath made

Gives such assurance of our overthrow,
That litle hope is left to saue our lines.

the Scythian Shephard.

O hold our City from the Conquerors hands,
Then hang our flags my Lord, of humble truce,
And satisfie the peoples generall prayers,
That ramburlains intollerable wrath
May be suppress by our submission.

Gou. Villain respects thou more thy slavish life,
Then honor of thy country or thy name:
Is not my life and state as deare to me,
The citie and my native countries weale,
As any thing of price with thy conceit?
Haue we not hope for all our battered walles
To liue secure, and keep his forces out,
When this our famous lake of Lymnasphaltis
Makes walles a flesh with euery thing that falls,
Into the liquid substance of his streame,
More strong then are the gates of death or hell:
What faintnesse should dismay our courages,
When we are thus defend'd against our foe,
And haue no terrour but his threating looks?

Enter another kneeling to the
Gouernour.

My Lord if euer you did deed of ruth,
And now will work a refuge to our liues,
Offer submission, haug by flags of truce,
That ramburlaine may pity our distresse,
And v'e vs like a louing Conquerour,
Though this be held his last dayes dreadful siege,
Wherein he spareth neither man nor child,
Yet are there Christians of Georgia here,
Whose state he euer pitties and relus'd,

Exit

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Will get his pardon if your Grace would lead,

Gou. How is my soules environed:

And this eternis'd city Babylon,

Fild with a pack of faintheart Fugitiues?

That thus increas their shame and seruitude?

Another. My Lord, if euer you wil win our hearts,
Peeld by the towne, saue our wiues and children,

For I wil cast my selfe from off these walles,

Or die some death of quickest violence,

Before I hide the warch of camberlaine,

Gou. Villaines, cowards, traitors to our face,
Fall to the earth, and pierce the pit of hell,

That legions of tormenting spirites may beere

Your flauish bosomes with continuall paines,

I care not, nor the towne wil netter yeeld

As long as any life is in my brest.

Enter Theridimas and Techelles,
with other Souldiers.

Thou desperate Gouernour of Babylon,

To saue thy life and vs a litle labour,

Yeeld speedily the city to our hands,

Or els be sure thou shalt be soze'd with paines

More exquisite than euer traitor felt.

Gou. Tyrant, I turne the traytor in thy throat,
And wil defend it in despite of thee.

Cal by the Souldiours to defend these wals:

tech. Yeeld foolish Gouernour, we offer more

Then euer yet we did to such proud flauies,

We durst resist vs till our third daies siege:

Thou shalt be prest to giue the last assault

Alu

the Scythian shephard,

And that shal bide no more regard of perill;

Go. Assault and spare not, we will neuer yield;

Alarme, and they scale the walles.

Enter Tamburlaine, with Vsumcasane, Amyras and
Celebinus, with others, the two spare Kings.

ram. The stately buildings of faire Babylon,
Whose lofty pillers, higher then the cloudes,
Were wont to guide the seaman in the deepe,
Being carped thether by the canons force,
Now fill the mouth of Limnasphalees lake,
And make a bridge unto the battered wals.
Where Belus, Ninus and great Alexander
Haue rode in triumph, triumphs Tamburlaines
Whose chariot wheels haue burst th' Assyrians bones
Dyallone with these kings on heaps of carkasses,
Now in the place where faire Semiramis
Courtred by Kings and Peeres of Asia,
Hath trode the measures, doe my Shoulders march,
And in the streets, where braue Assylian Dames
Haue rid in pompe like rich Saturnia,
With furious words and frowning visages,
By boylmen brandish their vnruly blades.

Enter theridimas and sechelles bringing
the Gouvernour of Babylon,

Who haue ye there my Lords?

ther. The surpy Gouvernour of Babylon,
That made vs all the labour for the towne,
And also such slender reckoning of your Maiesty:

ramb.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

cam. Goe bind the villaine, he shal hang in chaines
Upon the ruines of this conquered towne.
Sirrha, the view of our Vermillion tents,
Which threatned more then if the region
Were vnderneath the Element of fire,
Were full of Comets, and of blazing starres,
Whose flaming trains shuld reach down to the earth,
Could not affright you, no, nor I my selfe
The wrathfull messenger of mighty loue,
That with his sword hath quaild al earthly kings,
Could not perswade you to submission:
But till the ports were shut: Villaine I say,
Should I but touch the rusty gates of hel,
The triple headed Cerberus would howle,
And wake black loue to crouch and kneele to me:
But I haue sent bolleeyes of shot to you,
Yet could not enter till the breach was made.

Go. Nor if my bodie could haue stoppt the breach
Shouldest thou haue entered cruel tamburlaine,
Tis not thy bloody tents can make me yeeld,
Nor yet thy selfe, the anger of the highest:
For though thy cannon shooke the citie wals,
My heart did neuer quake, or courage faint,

cam. Well now Ile make it quake, go draw him vp
Hang him vp in chaines vpon the citie walles,
And let my souldiers shoot the slave to death.

Cover. Aile monster, borne of some infernal bag,
And sent from hell to tyrannise on earth,
Do all thy worst, nor death, nor tamburlaine,
Torure or paine can daunt my dreadlesse mind,

cam,

the Scythian Shepheard.

tam. Up with him then, his body shal be sear'd,

Go. But tamburlaine, in Limnasphaltis lake
There lies moze gold then Babylon is worth,
Which when the city was besieg'd I hid,
Saue but my life, and I wil giue it thee,

tam. Then for al your valour, you would saue your
life, where about lies it?

Go. Under a hollow banck right opposite
Against the Westerne gate of Babylon.

tam. Goe thither some of you and take his gold,
The rest forward with execution.

Away with him hence, let him speake no moze:

I think I make your courage something quaille,

When this is done, wee'll march from Babylon,

And make our greatest hast to Persia:

These Iades are broken winded and halfe ty'd,

Unharnesse them, and let me haue fresh horse.

So now their best is done to honour me,

Take them, and hang them both vp presently.

treb Wild tyrant, barbarous bloody tamburlaine.

tam. Take them away theridimas, see the dispatche
ther. I wil my Lord.

tam. Come Asian Viceroyes, to your tasks a while
And take such fortune as your fellows felt.

Orc. First let thy Scythian horse teare both our
Rather then we should draw thy chariot. (limmes)
And like base slaues abiect our princely minds
To vile and ignominious seruitude.

Ier. Rather lend me thy weapon tamburlaine,
That I may heach it in this breast of mine,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

A thousand deaths could not torment our hearts,
None then the thought of this doth bere our soules:
Amy. They will talke stil my Lord, if you doe not
bridle them.

Tam. Bridle them, and let me to my coach.

They bridle them.

Amy. See now my Lord, how braue the Captain
hangs.

Tam. 'Tis braue indeed my boy, well done,
Shoot first my Lord, and then the rest shal follow.
rher. Then haue at him to begin withal,

Theridimas shoots.

Go. Yet saue my life, and let this wound appease
The mortall fury of great tamberlaine.

Tam. No, though Asphaltis lake were liquid gold,
And offerd me as ransomme for thy life,
Yet shouldst thou die: Shoot at him al at once,
they shoot.

So now he hangs like Badgets Gouvernour,
Hauing as many bullets in his flesh,
As there be breaches in her battered wall.
Goe now and bind the Burgbers hand and foot,
And cast them headlong in the cities lake:
Tartars and Persians shall inhabite there,
And to command the citie I will build
A Cytadell that all Affrica

Which hath bene subiect to the Persian king,
Shall pay me tribute for in Babylon.

tech. What shall be done with their wiues and
children my Lord?

Tam

the Scythian Shepheard.

tam. techelles, drowne them all, man, woman, and
Leaue not a Babylonian in the towne. (childe,

tech. I will about it straight: come souldiours. Exie

tam. Now Casane, where's the Turkish Alcaron,
And all the heaps of superstitious books,
Found in the Temples of that Mahomet,
Whom I haue thought a God, they shall be burne,
Cas. Here they are my Lord.

tam. Well said, let there be a fire presently,
In vaine I see men worship Mahomet:
My sword hath sent millions of Turks to hell,
Slew all his Priests, his kinsmen and his friends,
And yet I liue vntoucht by Mahomet:
There is a God ful of reuenging wrath,
From whom the thunder and the lightening breaks,
Whose Scourge I am, and him I wil obey.
So Casane, sling them in the fire.

Now Mahomet, if thou haue any power,
Come downe thy selfe and worke a miracle,
Thou art not worthy to be worshiped,
That suffers flames of fire to burne the wit
Wherein the sum of thy religion rests:
Why sends thou not a furious whyllwind downe
To blow thy Alcaron by to thy throne,
Where men report thou sits by God himselfe,
Or vengeance on the head of Tamburlaine,
That shakes his sword against thy maiestie:
And spurnes the Abstracts of thy foolish lawes?
Well Souldiours, Mahomet remaines in hel,
He cannot heare the voyce of Tamburlaine:

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Seek out another Godhead to adore,
The God that sits in heauen, if any God
For he is God alone, and none but he.

rech. I haue fulfilled your highnesse will my Lord,
Thousands of men drownd in Asphaleis lake,
Haue made the water swell about the banks,
And fishes feed by humane carckelles,
Amaz'd, swim by and downe the waues,
As when they swallow Asafitida,
Which makes them fleet aloft and gasp for aire,

cam. Wel then my friendly Lords, what now re-
But that we leaue sufficient garrison, (maines,
And presently depart to Persia,
To triumph after all our victories.

rech. I, good my Lord, let vs hast to Persia,
And let this Captaine be remoou'd the walles,
To some high hill about the citie here,

cam. Let it be so: about it Souldiours:
But stay, I feele my selfe distemperd suddenly.

rech. What is it dares distemper Tamburlaine.

cam. Something techelles, but I know not what,
But sooth ye Massals, whatsoere it be,
Sicknes or death can neuer conquer me. Exeunt.

Actus 5. Scena 4.

Enter Callapine, Amasia, with drums and trumpets,
Callap.

King of Amasia, now our mighty hoste,
Marcheth in Asia maior, where the streams
Of Euphrates and Tygris swiftly runs,

And

the Scythian Shepherd.

And here may we behold great Babylon,
Circled about with Limnasphaltis lake,
Where tamburlaine with all his armie lies,
Which being faint and weary with the siege,
We may lie ready to encounter him,
Before his hoste be full from Babylon,
And so reuenge our latest grievous losse,
If God or Mahomet send any ayd.

Ama. Doubt not my Lord, but we shal conquer him
The monster that hath drunk a sea of blood,
And yet gapes still for more to quench his thirst,
Our Turkish swords shal headlong send to hell,
And that vile carcasse drawne by warlike kings,
The fowles shal eat, for neuer sepulchre
Shal grace that base borne tyrant tamburlaine.

Cal. When I record my Parents slavish life,
Their cruel death, mine owne captiuitie,
My Uiceropes bondage vnder tamburlaine,
He thinks I could sustaine a thousand deaths,
To be reueng'd of all his villanie.
Ah sacred Mahomet, thou that hast seene
Millions of Turkes perish by tamburlaine,
Kingdoms made waste, braue cities sackt and burne,
And but one hoste is left to honour thee,
And thy obedient seruant Callapine.
And make him after all these ouerthrowes,
To triumph ouer cursed tamburlaine.

Ama. Fear not my Lord, I see great Mahomet
Clothed in purple cloudes, and on his head,
A Chaplet brighter then Apollos Crowne.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine;

Marching about the aire with armed men,
To ioine with you against this tamburlaine.
Renowned General, mightie Callapine,
Though God himself and holy Mahomet
Should come in person to resist your power,
Yet might your mightie hoste encounter all,
And pull proud tamburlaine vpon his knees,
To sue for merrey at your highnesse feet.

Cal. Captaine, the force of tamburlaine is great,
His fortune greater, and the victories
Wherewith he hath so sore dismayd the world,
Are greatest to discourage all our wishes:
Yet when the pride of Cynthia is at full,
She waines againe, and so shall his I hope.
For we haue here the chiefe selected men,
Of twentie seuerall kingdomes at the least,
No Plowman, Priest, nor Marchant staies at home,
All Turkie is in armes with Callapine:
And neuer will we sunder Campes and armes,
Before himselfe or his be conquered.
This is the time that must eternize me,
For conquering the tyrant of the world.
Come Souldiours, let vs lie in waite for him,
And if we find him absent from his camp,
Or that it be retorn'd againe at full,
Assaile it and be sure of victorie.

Exeunt.

Actus. 5. Scena. 6

Theridimas, techelles, Vsumcasane.

Enter

the Scythian Shepherd.

Wep heauens, and banish into liquid tears,
Fall starres that gouerne his nativity,
And sumon all the shining lamps of heauen
To cast their bootlesse fires to the earth.

And shed their feeble influence in the aire,
Muffle your beauties with eternall cloudes,
For Hel and darknesse pitch their pitchie tents
And Death with armies of Tymerian spirits,
Giues battell gainst the heart of camburlaine,
Now in defiance of that woooned loue
Your sacred vertues pour'd vpon his throne,
And made his state an honoz to the heauens,
These cowards inuisible assaile his soule,
And threaten conquest on our Soueraigne,
But if he die, your glories are disgrac'd,
Earth droops and sayes that hel in heauen is plac'd.
O then ye powers that sway eternal seates,
And guide this massie substance of the earth,
If you retaine descent of holinesse,
As your supream estates instruct our thoughts,
Be not inconstant, carelesse of your fame,
Beare not the burthen of your enemies loyes,
Triumphing in his fall whom you aduanc'd,
But as his birth, life, health and maiesty
Were strangely blest, and gouerned by heauen,
So honour heauen, till heauen dissolued be,
His birth, his life, his health and maiesty.

Cas. Blush heauen to loose the honour of thy name
To see thy footstool set vpon thy head,
And let no basenesse in thy haughty bzeast,

Sustaine

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Sustaine a shame of such excellence:
To see the devils mount in Angels thrones,
And Angels digne into the pooles of hell,
And though they think their painfull date is out,
And that their power is puissant as Ioues,
Which makes them manage armes against thy state,
Yet make them feeble the strength of Tamburlaine,
Thy instrument and note of maiesty,
Is greater far then they can thus subdue,
For if he die, thy glorie is disgrac'd,
Earth droops and sayes, that he in heauen is plac'd.
ram. What daring God torments my body thus,
And seeks to conquer mighty Tamburlaine:
Shall sickness prouide me now to be a man,
That haue bene tearm'd the terrour of the world's
rebellies and the rest, Come take your swords,
And threaten him, whose hand afflicts my soule,
Come let vs march against the powers of heauen,
And set black streamers in the firmament,
To signifie the slaughter of the Gods,
Ah friends, what shall I doe, I cannot stand,
Come carie me to war against the Gods.
That thus enuy the health of Tamburlaine.
ther. Ah good my Lord leaue these impatient words
Which adde much danger to your malady.
ram. While shall I sit and languish in this paine,
No, strike the drums, and in reuenge of this,
Come let vs charge our speares and pierce his breast,
Whose shoulders beare the Axis of the world:
That if I perish, heauen and earth may fade.

theridimas

the Scythian Shepheard.

theridimas, haste to the court of Ioue,
Till him to send Apollo hether straight.
To cure me, or Ile fetch him downe my selfe. (case,
tech, Sit still my gracious Lord, this grieve will
And cannot last, it is so violent.

tam, Not last techelles, no, for I shall die,
See where my slaue, the vglie monster Death,
Shaking and quivering, pale and wan for feare,
Stands ayiming at me with his murthering dart,
Who flies away at euery glance I giue,
And when I look away comes stealing on:
Uillain away, and hie thee to the felds,
I and mine armie come to load thy back
With soules of thousand mangled carkasses.
Look where he goes, but see he comes againe,
Because I stay: techelles let vs march,
And wearie death with bearing soules to hell.

Phy. Pleaseth your Maiesty to drinke this potion,
Which wil abate the furie of your fit,
And cause some milder spirits gouerne you.

tam. Tel me, what thinke you of my sicknes now?

Phy. I view'd your bzine, and the Hipostates
Thick and obscure, doth make your danger great,
Your vaines are full of accidentall heat,
Whereby the moister of your blood is dzyed,
The Humidum and Calor, which some holde
Is not a parcell of the Elements,
But of a substance more diuine and pure,
Is almost cleane extinguished and spent.
Which being the cause of life, imports your death:
Besides,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine;

Besides, my Lord, this day is Criticall,
Dangerous to those, whose Christs is as yours;
Your Artiers which amongst the vaines convey
The lively Spirits which the heart engenders
Are perched and voyd of spirit, that the soule
Wanting those Organions by which it mooues,
Cannot endure by argument of art,
Yet if your Maiestie may escape this day,
No doubt but you shall soone recover all.

cam. Then wil I comfort all my vital parts,
And liue in spight of death about a day.

Alarme within.

Mess. My Lord, young Callapine that lately fled
from your Maiestie, hath now gathered a fresh armie,
and bearing your absence in the field, offers to set vp-
on vs presently.

cam. See my Physicians now, both Ioue hath sent
a present medicine to recture my paine.

My looks shall make them fly, and might I follow,
There should not one of all the villaines power,
Linc to giue offer of another sight.

Vsu, I toy my Lord, your highnesse is so strong.
That can endure so well your royall presence,
Which only will dismay the enemy.

cam. I know it wil Casane draw you slanes,
In spight of death I will goe shew my face.

Alarme, Tamb. goes in, and comes out
again with all the rest.

Thus are the villaines, cowards fled for feare,
Like Summers vapors, vanisht by the Sun:

And

the Scythian Shepherd.

And could I but a while pursue the field
That Callapine should be my slave againe.
But I perceiue my martial strength is spent,
In vaine I strue and raile against those powers,
That meane t'innest me in a higher throne,
As much to high for this disdainfull earth.
Giue me a Map, then let me see how much
Is left for me to conquer all the world.
That these my boyes may finish all my wants.

One brings a Map.

Here I began to march towards Persia,
Along Armenia and the Caspian sea,
And thence vnto Bythinia, where I took
The Turke and his great Emperesse prisoner.
Then marche I into Egypt and Arabia
And here not far from Alexandria,
Whereas the Terrene and the red sea meet,
Being distant lesse then full a hundred leagues,
I meant to cut a channell to them both.
That men might quickly saile to India.
From thence to Nubia neere Borno lake,
And so along the Ethiopian sea,
Cutting the Tropick line of Capricorne,
I conquered all as far as Zansibar:
Then by the Northern part of Affrica,
I came at last to Grecia, and from thence
To Asia, where I stay against my will.
Which is from Scythia, where I first began,
Backward and forwards nere fife thousand leagues.
Looke heere my boyes, see what a world of ground,

Lies

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Lies westward from the midst of Cancers line,
Unto the rising of this earthly globe,
Whereas the Sun declining from our sight,
Begins the day with our Antypodes:
And shal I die, and this unconquered?
Loe here my sonnes: are all the golden mynes,
Inestimable druggs and precious stones,
More worth then Asia and the world beside,
And from th' Antartique Pole Eastward behold
As much more land, which neuer was descryed,
Wherein are rockes of pearle, that shine as bright
As all the Lamps that beautifie the skie,
And shal I die, and this unconquered?
Here lovely boyes, what death forbids my life,
That let your liues commaund in spite of death.

Amy. Alas my Lord, how should our bleeding barbs
Wounded and broken with your highnesse griefe
Retaine a thought of ioy, or sparke of life?
Your soule giues essence to our wretched subiects,
Whose matter is incorporate in your flesh.

Cel Your paines doe pierce our soules, no hope sur-
For by your life we entertaine our liues. (uiues
tam. But sons, this subiect not of force enough
To hold the fiery spirit it containes,
Must part, imparting his impressions,
By equal portions into both your breasts:
My flesh diuided in your precious shapcs,
Shal stil retaine my spirit though I die,
And liue in all your seeds immortally.
Then now remooue me, that I may resigne

the Scythian Shephard.

My place and proper title to my sonne.
First take my Scourge, and my imperial crowne,
And mount my royall chariot of estate,
That I may see thee crown'd before I die,
Help me (my Lords) to make my last remooue.
ther. A woful change my Lord that daunts our
More then the ruine of our proper soules. (thoughts
ram. Sit vp my son, let me see how well thou wilt
become thy fathers, Maiesty.

They crowne him.

Amy. With what a flinty bosome should I ioy
The breath of lyfe, and burthen of my soule :
If not resolu'd into resolved paines,
My bodie's mortified laments
Should exercise the motions of my heart,
Pierc'd with the ioy of any dignity :
O father, if the vnrelenting eares
Of death and hel be shut against my prayers,
And that the spightful influence of heauen,
Denie my soule fruition of her ioy,
How should I step, or stir my hatefull feet,
Against the inward powers of my heart,
Leading a life that only strives to die,
And plead in vaine, vnpleasing souerainty.

ram. Let not thy loue exceed thyne honour sonne,
Nor bar thy mind that magnanimittie,
That nobly must admit necessity:

Sit vp my boy, and with these silken raines
Bziote the steeled stomacks of these Iades.

ther. My Lord, you must obey his Maiesty,

Since

The Conquests of Tamburlain;

Since Fate commands, and proud necessity.

Amy. Heauenswitnes me with what a broken hart
And damned spirit I ascend this seat,
And send my soule befoze my father die
His anguish and his burning agony.

tam. Now fetch the hearse of faire Zenocrate,
Let it be plac'd by this my fatall chaire,
And serue as parcell of my funerall.

Cal. Then feels your Maiesty no soueraigne ease,
Nor may our hearts all drown'd in teares of blood,
Nor any hope of your recovery:

tam. Calane no, the Monarke of the earth,
And etierlie monster that torments my soule,
Cannot beholde the teares ye shed for me,
And therefore stil augments his crueltie,

rech. Then let some God oppose his holy power,
Against the wrath and tyranny of death,
That his teare thirstie and unquenched hate,
May be vpon himselfe reuerberate.

They bring in the hearse.

tam. Now eyes, inioy your latest benefite,
And when my soule hath vertue of your sight,
Pierce through the coffin and the sheet of gold,
And glut your longings with a heauen of ioy.
So raigne my son, scourge and control those slaues,
Guiding thy chariot with thy fathers hand,
As precious is the charge thou undertakest,
As that which Clymeus brainsicke son did guide,
When wandring Phoebes two cheeks were scorched
And al the earth like Actna breathing fire,

the Scythian Shephard.

Be warn'd by him, then learn with awfull eye
 To sway a throne as dangerous as his,
 For if thy body thine not full of thoughts
 As pure and fiery as Phœbus beams,
 The nature of these proud rebelling Jades
 Will take occasion by the slenderst haire,
 And draw thee peecemeale like Hyppolitus,
 Through rocks more steep, and sharp than Caspian
 The nature of thy chariot will not beare (clifts,
 A Guide of baser temper then my selfe,
 More then heauens coach, the pride of Phaeton,
 Farewel my boyes, my dearest friends, farewel,
 My body feelles, my soule doth weep to see
 Your sweet desires depriu'd my company,
 For ramburline, the Scourge of God must die.

Amy. Heere heauen and earth, and here let all
 things end,

For earth hath spent the pride of all her fruit,
 And heauen consum'd his choicest living fire,
 Let earth and heauen his timelesse death deploze,
 For both their worths will equall him no more.

FINIS.